

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

(No. 1. NEW SERIES, NOVEMBER, 1905)

THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER I

"I'LL put the kettle on," said William, stepping off the plank that somewhat insecurely bridged the small lagoon of mud beyond the stile, "and ——," but he stopped abruptly in the middle of both sentence and progress, his eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment and his right foot slightly in advance of the left. The others, concerned with the passage, did not at first notice anything, but when they, too, had reached firm ground they had leisure to follow their friend's gaze and to share in his emotion. The frown of concentration incidental to lighting a pipe while crossing a narrow plank remained on Talbot's brow, though the match that he had just struck burned away unheeded. The Admiral's hand remained motionless on the crown of the battered straw hat that it had been settling more comfortably on the back of his head, while his face lengthened in pained displeasure.

So they might have stood for some time had not Talbot's match suddenly restored him to activity by burning his fingers. Casting the charred fragment on the ground he stamped on it viciously, and then found his tongue. "Where did he get them?" he asked, raising his eyes again to the object of scrutiny.

"I haven't an idea," returned William endeavouring, as always, to answer the question.

"Consider the lilies," said the Admiral, who belonged to a profession that enjoys its opportunities for sarcasm.

To a stranger the scene would hardly have seemed to call for a display of emotion, nor would he have found it easy to explain why indignation was so rapidly succeeding surprise in the demeanour of the three. The sun had lost something of its fierceness, and had reached that period of its decline when men

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may truthfully aver that it is cooler than it was. From a pleasant angle it shone upon as fair a picture of meadow, river, and tree as may be found in the Western Midlands. On the right of the three men a steep knoll sloped up almost from the river bank. Elms crowned its summit and a great oak guarded its base. A line of willows separated it from the meadows sleeping in the sunlight beyond, while behind was the little forest of osiers through which they had come. On the left lay the river, deep and sluggish, its further bank lined with old twisted willows which marked its sinuous course away into the distance and the woods, its nearer bank fringed with thick clumps of reeds, in whose bays were white and yellow water-lilies, and with the paler green of sedges. There was no babble of gravelly shallows to disturb the restfulness of the picture. By dint of slow perpetual motion the river had worn out a little bay at the foot of the knoll, almost under the shadow of the oak-tree, and therein was lying a house-boat, misty grey in colour and almost luminous in the evening sun. At its stern was a flag-staff from which the Union Jack drooped idly.

But it was on none of these things that the friends had concentrated their attention. They had eyes for nothing but a man reclining on a canvas chair on the roof of the house-boat, obviously in a position of considerable comfort, possibly of comfort greater than was good for one who had not yet reached the prime of life ; but this of itself was hardly enough to explain the ferocity now levelled at him from three pairs of eyes. Nor was there anything noticeable in him otherwise to the casual eye. He wore a suit of dark blue, which was plainly, even in his attitude of repose, of good cut and fit ; one leg, crossed over the other, displayed a neat boot of an unostentatious brown,—that sober and gentlemanly brown of good leather carefully tended which is only attained by a man with a real sense of the niceties of dress ; a decent inch of shirt-cuff showed modestly beyond his coat-sleeve, giving a hint of the gold links that secured it, and a Panama hat with a broad brim was tilted on his face till it almost touched a tall and very white collar. The disposition of the hat suggested slumber ; but set him on his feet, and he might have appeared in the pavilion at Lord's or behind the Ditch on a fine day in July without seeming out of place on the score of apparel. Altogether he seemed a credit to the house-boat which supported him ; he gave it an air of social stability, and suggested

a blending of the graces of town and the relaxation of the country essentially gratifying to the urbane mind.

However, the men on the bank had presumably lost their urbanity of mind if they had ever possessed such a quality, for they regarded him with unmixed irritation. "I suppose," said Talbot scornfully, "he thinks this is Henley, and himself the cynosure of every eye."

"It can't be that, or he wouldn't be asleep," William objected with great justice. "It's sheer vanity."

"We have been here less than a day," said the Admiral, "and he has returned to the toga already. If we don't take steps he will no doubt dress for dinner." The Admiral's voice had that ring of decision in it that always brought an expression of studied innocence into the faces of the large unruly boys at the bottom of the Lower Sixth, and he stooped for a convenient piece of stick.

The missile struck the sleeper on the elbow and roused him to rub his eyes, push his hat back, and sit up. "Hullo!" he said, seeing his friends. "Got back? Nearly tea-time isn't it? What's the matter?" he added, as his slowly returning consciousness grasped the fact that they were considering him with disapproval.

"Why, if one may ask, have you put those things on?" asked the Admiral in his magisterial manner.

"You're in the country, you know, on the river,—camping out," explained William, kindly explicit, moved by the evident lack of comprehension in the face of the accused.

"So are we," added Talbot, "and if you think we came down here to wear collars, and look like tailor's dummies generally, you're mistaken."

The terms of the indictment were now clear and Sir Seymour Haddon (commonly known as Charles from a certain propensity to magnificence) regarded as much of himself as he could see complacently. "These things?" he said with a fine air of depreciation. "Oh, well, I had a bathe after you fellows were gone, and I thought I'd try on this new suit; it only came just before I left town, and my man packed it straight away. I think it's a very decent fit." Then he surveyed the others and laughed. "I suppose it is a bit of a contrast," he added; "but you want somebody to look decent."

The urbane mind would very probably have assented heartily to this after even a superficial study of the three. Indeed, a

glance at William alone would have settled the matter. The garments which he wore with the ease of long familiarity consisted of a cricketing shirt open at the throat, a pair of flannel trousers too short for him, and a flannel coat of a colour that was no colour but the accidental result of several. Upon his head was a white linen hat, whose brim, innocent of starch, flapped comically over a nose that had already been a little touched by the sun. The others might be described as variants of the same disreputable type, Talbot having a small advantage in an enormous grey felt hat, designed originally perhaps for some German professor, but in our unintellectual climate long since robbed of all shape and style, of everything indeed save colour and size.

"You look unmitigated ruffians," pursued Charles frankly. "All right, don't throw," he added in haste as with one consent the others began to stoop.

"Take them off then," said Talbot, in the tone of one who dictates terms.

"I'm going to," conceded the weaker party. "I'm going in again before tea." Therewith he descended the companion-ladder and disappeared within the house-boat.

"Now for the kettle," said William, and they moved on again. A little higher up the bank stood a small white bell-tent, and at its door a long trestle-table was set out with a bench on either side. A rude fire-place built of bricks with an iron grid above it served for the kitchen of the expedition, and William was soon coaxing the still smouldering embers into a flame with bits of dry stick, while the others produced food and crockery from the tent and laid them out on the table.

Talbot paused, with a loaf of bread in one hand and a pot of marmalade in the other, and spoke solemnly. "They ought to be taken away from him."

The others nodded assent, and William putting the kettle on the now crackling fire rose to his feet. "Yes," he said, "it's a distinct breach of the agreement, that every man should only bring his oldest clothes."

"We should have people coming here to look at him," Talbot remarked.

"That's what he wants," said the Admiral unkindly. At this moment a loud splash announced that the object of discussion had "gone in again," and presently his head was apparent in the distance as he swam strongly down stream.

Talbot put down the loaf and the marmalade and walked swiftly to the house-boat, crossed the plank that joined it to the shore, and went inside. Presently he emerged carrying a fat Gladstone bag, with which he returned. "I've got them," he said; "half-a-dozen white linen shirts, if you please, and no end of collars and ties. I've left him his flannels on his locker."

"What are you going to do with the bag?" asked William.

"Hide it," returned Talbot briefly; "I know a place." And without more ado he went off in the direction of the osier-bed, from which they had originally come.

"Got the courage of his convictions, *fustum ac tenacem propositi virum*," commented the Admiral when he had gone, as he ladled tea lavishly into the pot with a table-spoon.

The kettle had been boiling some time when Talbot returned, and he found the others already at tea. He nodded in answer to their questions and sat down. "No, I shan't say where I've put it," he said; "one of you might let it out by accident. He won't notice it at first probably, because he put the things back into it before he bathed and hid the bag in the kitchen. When he does, he'll be too slack to worry much. It's lucky there are no women anywhere round here." And with this unchivalrous sentiment Talbot poured himself out some tea.

"Women are not unwelcome in their proper sphere," said the Admiral, as one who concedes a point generously; "but they would be impossible for camping-out. The modern woman wants such a lot of attention, and she would insist on our shaving. That's the worst of a person like Charles, whose instinct it is to shave every day; he encourages the sex in its tyranny." The Admiral (who, by the way, was so called, not from any nautical skill above the common, but because his name was Crichton) felt his chin as he spoke; but it was still beardless. Civilisation had only released him early that morning.

Presently Charles approached. He looked somewhat languid after his swim, and even though he was now in flannels struck a note of elegance that was impressive amid these surroundings. "There's a jolly weir about a quarter of a mile down," he said. "I shall have the bottom boards out of the dinghy and toboggan down it."

"Did you see Majendie?" asked William.

Charles shook his head. "He took the boat through the

lock," he replied, "and he hadn't come back, while I was in the water." He ate some bread and butter meditatively. "Isn't there a place called Handcote somewhere near here?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes," said William who knew the district. "Why?"

"I know some people who live there," Charles explained, "people called Grove. There are two nice girls. I must go over and call, and we could have them out to tea."

The others exchanged a glance, and Talbot expressed the common thought, with sarcastic emphasis. "My dear Charles, we have not come down here to mix in the world of fashion and beauty. You can go and call if you want to, though I should have thought that in your crowded life you would have enjoyed a fortnight of freedom. But we are not going to entertain young ladies here, are we, Admiral?"

"Certainly not," said the person addressed, with decision.

"Oh well," conceded Charles, "it doesn't matter. I don't know them very well. Here's Majendie," he added as the noise of oars reached them.

The approaching dinghy soon touched the bank, and the man in it jumped out and fastened the painter to a stake. Then he hurried towards them. "Tea? Excellent," he said briskly, "just what I was longing for. The chub are beginning to rise in the mill-pool," he added turning to Talbot, who nodded.

"I'll have a go for them after tea," he replied. "Have you been far?"

"About a mile below the lock," said Majendie, "and a bit of the way up the back-water. There are some more people camping out there," he announced as he stirred the sugar in his tea.

"House-boat?" asked William.

"No, tents, three I think; I didn't go very close. They're well up the back-water on that little promontory below the weir-pool."

"Did you see any of the men?" asked the Admiral.

Majendie adjusted his eye-glasses. "No," he said slowly, "I didn't see any of the men, but I fancy I saw some parasols."

"Saw what?" said Talbot in rather a startled tone, and the others echoed the question.

"Parasols," repeated Majendie, not ill-pleased with the sensa-

tion he had created ; " two of them, a red one and a blue one ; but it doesn't follow they belonged to the tents."

Talbot shook his head gloomily. " Sure to," he said. " Where else could they come from ? It's miles from the nearest habitable place, isn't it, William ?"

" Miles," agreed that gentleman. " There's only the farm, and I doubt if there's such a thing as a parasol there ; the vicar's a bachelor. They might have come up in a boat, except that boats never get as high as this if they've got women on board."

" Damn," observed Talbot from the middle of his train of thought.

Charles who had been listening with a kindling eye made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction. " Quite a godsend," he remarked. " We must get to know them and have them to tea."

" Whom ? The parasols ?" asked the Admiral.

" Only a pretty girl would camp out with a parasol," pursued Charles ignoring him. Then a thought struck him and his eye involuntarily wandered towards the house-boat. It was a fortunate circumstance that he had brought that suit of clothes.

" They'll be an infernal nuisance," grumbled Talbot. " How can men be expected to camp out in comfort where there are a lot of women always about ?"

" They're a good distance off, that's one comfort," said William.

" And on the further bank of the back-water," Majendie put in, " so we've got two streams between us and them."

" What's a mere river to a wilful woman ?" asked Talbot indignantly.

" " Under the fountains and over the waves," quoted the Admiral. " But seriously, as Talbot says, it will be a real inconvenience if they come wandering about much. It is not what we had a right to expect. What did you say it was the quietest bit of river in England for ?" He looked accusingly at William.

" So it used to be," was the answer. " This is the fourth time I've been here, and I've hardly seen a soul before except the rustics."

" Pity it's got so populous in the interval," said Talbot, whose temper was evidently seriously tried by the news.

"I'll tell you what we could do," suggested Majendie, "if they make themselves too obnoxious ; we could move our quarters. I found a creek a mile down stream which would do very well."

"There's a better one still, about two miles up," said William after a little thought. "The river divides in two there, and it's right in the woods."

Charles felt it his duty to comment on this proposal. "That's all very well," he said persuasively, "but where are you going to get your provisions from ? Butter and milk don't grow in the woods, and here we've got them at our very door, so to speak, to say nothing of drinking-water. You don't want to walk a mile and a half carrying buckets every morning."

"A lot of water *you* drink," said Talbot with ferocity.

"I always take water with my whisky," returned Charles with mild dignity.

"There's a good deal in what Charles says," admitted William. "At any rate I think we had better see what happens. Things may not be so bad after all, and we don't know for certain yet that the parasols do belong to the tents." The others, inclined to ease after a hard day, agreed that hasty action would be unwise, and Charles, now that his tongue had done its work, again fixed his eyes complacently on the house-boat.

Talbot caught the look and in a measure it helped to restore him to good humour. It was a fortunate circumstance that Charles no longer had his suit of clothes. Then he rose. "Any of you fellows want the boat ?" he asked, and the others shook their heads. "Let's go and put a fly over the mill-pool, then," he said to Majendie. "I want to get one of those big chub, if the petticoats haven't frightened them all away." And the two were soon pulling down stream towards the lock.

"Let's go for a stroll, Admiral," said Charles innocently.

"Which way ?" asked the Admiral.

Charles's gesture included the half of the compass in which lay the back-water, but he said, "Oh I don't mind ; any way you like."

"I'll wash up," said William, "and then I'll have a bathe." And so this most ungallant scene ended.

CHAPTER II

"My dear,"—Mr. Lauriston was addressing his wife Charlotte—"did I hear you say you have brought no wine?"

"I did not consider it necessary," returned the lady decisively; "but there are two sorts of lemonade and some lime-juice, and a kind of pink sherbet which, I am told, is very refreshing. You will be much better without stimulant for a time."

Mr. Lauriston's face fell as he seated himself stiffly on a mackintosh, a precaution of his wife's. He was already beginning to regret his expansiveness on that evening a month ago, when, in the course of a discussion of plans for the summer, he had described to the ladies some of the holidays of his youth, and among them that halcyon fortnight which he had once spent under canvas by a river. He remembered now the thrill of half pleasurable surprise that had run through him when Agatha, his niece, said: "How delightful! Why shouldn't we do it this summer, if we could find a very quiet place?" He remembered how the novelty of the suggestion had at first alarmed the others, but how, little by little, conversation had seemed to smooth away all difficulties, how Mrs. Lauriston had gradually yielded to the pleading of the girls, how at last they had gone to bed fully determined to carry out the scheme. He remembered, too, how he had long lain awake reviving old memories of rivers, boats, and tents, of clear starlit nights and hot cloudless days, of a time when there was not a care in the world and life's only business seemed to be to acquire health and happiness, its only anxiety a lively curiosity about the next meal; and how at last he had fallen asleep convinced that he was about to renew his youth.

This idea had endured through all the preparation for the great expedition, and he had joined in the enthusiasm as blithely as a boy. Everything had gone smoothly; he had met a man in the City who knew of the quietest nook in England, where a family might camp out for months and never see a soul. He had met another man who knew all about tents and could put him in the way of the very latest pattern, a peculiarly perfect kind that no wind could disturb, no rain penetrate, a kind with a firm wooden floor which defied the damp. He had found a useful ally in Martin, the invaluable person who looked after his

garden at Ealing, tended the pony, cleaned the boots, waited at table on occasion, and was extremely willing to join in any scheme that might be suggested to him.

The idea had survived the journey, the long drive from the station in the middle of packing-cases and goods piled high on a farmer's waggon ; it had survived the erection of the tents, at which Mr. Lauriston assisted by precept while Martin and the farmer's man did the heavy work ; it had even survived the unpacking which, it is true, was principally done by Mrs. Lauriston and Agatha, with Martin's assistance.

But since then Mr. Lauriston had had time to observe things more minutely. He agreed that the spot deserved all the praises which his City friend had bestowed on it ; there were fine trees all round, the stream at his feet flowed clear and not too deep over a gravel bed, and in that umbrageous corner the ladies could bathe unseen and, equally important, without fear of drowning ; the noise of the distant weir came pleasantly on the evening air. But there was something lacking ; something was different from what he remembered of camping out in the days of his youth. A strange feeling almost of loneliness came over him, and shaking himself a little he rose from the stone on which he had been sitting and returned to the encampment where he found the ladies ready for the evening meal. Mr. Lauriston remembered with something like a pang that it was called *supper*.

Then ensued the short dialogue recorded, and Mr. Lauriston's face fell. The prospect before him should have been enchanting. Yielding to her younger niece's importunity Aunt Charlotte had decided that, as it was so warm, they might safely sup in the open air and not in the tent that had been erected as a living and store-room. A low sun sent mild beams through the willows on their right, and touched the forks and spoons lying on the white table-cloth with points of fire. Smooth turf, the girls had decided, was a much nicer table than the wooden one in the tent, and they had spread out the viands pic-nic fashion. Aunt Charlotte had insisted on having a camp-stool, declaring that she was much too old to sit on the ground, though indeed age was a thing that she carried so lightly as to make it doubtful. Beside her reclined her niece, Cicely Neave, whose dark eyes were fixed on Mr. Lauriston in mischievous amusement. Her elder sister, Agatha, was busily cutting a loaf. The fifth of the party, a friend of the two

girls, sat gazing dreamily at the sunlit waters, prettily completing the circle.

But Mr. Lauriston regarded none of these things. His gaze was fixed on a plain tumbler which had just been filled with water. "Aunt Charlotte didn't forget the filter," said Cicely reassuringly.

"And I had it boiled, too," added Aunt Charlotte with slight self-appreciation.

"Boiled!" ejaculated Mr. Lauriston.

"It's always safest," Aunt Charlotte explained. "Probably the well is all right, but one never knows."

"You see she never forgets anything," said Cicely, whose air showed that she expected Aunt Charlotte's lord and master to express satisfaction.

"Except my wine," grumbled Mr. Lauriston, "and I had made a most careful selection."

"It was so heavy," answered his wife, "that I decided not to bring it. You will be all the better for simple fare. After a day in the City perhaps a glass of wine——"

It suddenly came upon Mr. Lauriston with the force of a revelation that he was the only man there. The femininity of his circle had never impressed itself so before. He decided to rebel. "Martin," he called. Martin came out of the store-tent. "Is there nothing to drink?"

Cicely pointed reproachfully to his glass, and as this had no effect, "There are two kinds of lemonade," she began, "and lime-juice, and——" but Mr. Lauriston ignored her for once and repeated his question.

Martin confessed to having some stout not included in Mrs. Lauriston's catalogue, and a bottle of this was set before the rebel, with the happy effect of restoring him almost to good humour. "And what have you young ladies been doing while we unpacked?" he asked more cheerfully as he carved the pie that lay before him. "Have you found some likely subjects, Miss Doris?"

The girl withdrew her dreamy eyes from the landscape and accepted the plate which he offered her. "I found some sweet cottages," she said, "all over honeysuckle and roses, and such a quaint little church, with the funniest old sexton who told me he had lived in the village man and boy for seventy-three years, and said he never wanted to go away from it. I sat

down on a bench in the porch and watched him pulling up weeds from the churchyard path. It was all so restful and simple that I began to wonder why we ever live in cities."

Mr. Lauriston hardly felt equal to a discussion of the suggested subject ; instead, he asked Cicely what she had been doing. "I, too, was wondering why we did not live more alone with Nature," she answered in evasive imitation of her friend's more dreamy manner.

"That means you've been doing nothing as usual," said Agatha with sisterly sternness.

"I have been watching the fish leap in the river ; I have seen the clouds——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Agatha. "We know her, don't we, Uncle Henry ? She brought her rug to this knoll directly we had had our tea, and here she's been ever since."

"And you wanted us to have supper outside," chuckled Mr. Lauriston. "So you got us to bring supper to you, eh, Cicely ?"

"I didn't think there was a prettier place," she pleaded, but this was not accounted to her for merit. And Nemesis was to fall on her from Aunt Charlotte.

"Why, child," she cried, "you don't mean to say you've been lying on the damp ground with only a rug all these hours ?" Cicely had to confess, though she feebly disputed the dampness. "You'll get rheumatism, my dear, or something dreadful. You must get up directly, and run and fetch a waterproof to put under the rug. Run, it will make you warm."

"Agatha packed our things and she won't like me to disturb them," objected Cicely ; "and I'm quite warm already, thank you, Aunt." She fanned herself gently with a tiny pocket-handkerchief to prove that if anything she was too warm. "But," she added as a concession, "I'll put some more pepper on Uncle Henry's potatoes, if you like." However, she had to get up, whereupon Mr. Lauriston resigned his mackintosh, and Martin supplied him with a camp-stool.

It was Agatha's turn next. She, it appeared, had taken quite a long walk along a lane coming back by the river. She had seen something in the distance that looked like a house-boat.

"A house-boat ?" echoed Mrs. Lauriston. "I hope it isn't anywhere near here. Did you see any people on it ?"

No, Agatha did not think it was very near, though the lock and back-water made it all very confusing ; and she had not seen any people on it ; she had not given the matter much attention. Mr. Lauriston extracted the information that a field with cows in it had lain between her and nearer vision.

"I did see a man on the other side of the river," she admitted, "but I shouldn't think he had anything to do with the house-boat ; he didn't look that sort of person."

"A man ?" repeated Mr. Lauriston with interest, and he pressed Agatha for a description ; but beyond noticing that the stranger looked rather disreputable and was fishing, she had not studied him.

"I trust," said Aunt Charlotte, "that that house-boat does not mean that there are a lot of people about. Didn't Mr. Hobbs tell you that we should be quite alone here, that it was a place where no one ever came ?" She looked aggrieved interrogation at her husband.

Mr. Lauriston answered her that it was so. "But perhaps Martin knows," he added, calling to him.

Martin appeared with another bottle of stout and a cork-screw. Aunt Charlotte's eye, however, convinced him that they were not needed. "Have you seen anything of a house-boat anywhere near here ?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Martin. "There's one lying in the main river above the lock ; I saw it as I was fetching the milk, an' a young gentleman asleep on top of it."

Mr. Lauriston's eye brightened involuntarily. "What did he look like ?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I couldn't see 'im very plain, 'is 'at being all over 'is face, but he looked a very respectable gentleman. Very respectable 'e looked," repeated Martin meditatively. "It quite put me in mind of Ealing," he added, willing to say as much good of the stranger as honesty permitted.

"Some horrid cockney !" interjected Mrs. Lauriston. "Did you see anyone else ?"

"Yes, ma'am, as I was comin' back, there was four or five of them a' sittin' 'avin' their tea at a trestle-table on the bank. They wasn't so respectable as the other though." The appearance of the slumbering Charles had impressed Martin, as being the last thing that was to be expected in the wilds of the country.

Mr. Lauriston was about to say something when he caught a

glimpse of his wife's face ; it had settled into an expression of stony displeasure which convinced him that his intended remark would fall on unsympathetic ears. "It won't do at all," she said firmly. "We can't camp out within a hundred yards of a lot of young men who for all we know may be criminals in disguise on a house-boat."

"They're much farther away than that," said Mr. Lauriston, wondering inwardly what plan his wife had in her mind and how best he should combat it.

"Well, a hundred and fifty yards," conceded Aunt Charlotte. "The best plan, Henry, will be for you to go the first thing to-morrow morning and tell them to go away. It's too late to-night, I suppose," she added half regretfully.

Mr. Lauriston gasped and looked round the circle for aid ; but the faces of the young ladies also expressed alarmed horror at the idea of four or five criminals in disguise within easy reach. With the pitilessness of youth Agatha said that there was no time like the present, and would not Uncle Henry go at once ? It was not so *very* late.

"But, my dear," he protested, addressing his wife, "what earthly right——"

"It is not a question of right," said Mrs. Lauriston with dignity. "You will explain to them,—quite politely, of course—that there are ladies here who object to their presence, and I should hope their good feeling would show them what to do."

"Even if they are criminals disguised as house-boats," said Cicely, with an air of adding something to the discussion.

Mr. Lauriston looked at her for a moment, half hoping that he had found an ally. But Cicely's face was still in decorous sympathy with the atmosphere of unqualified hostility to the unknown. It seemed to him that the circle had become more feminine than ever, and a swift succession of pictures flashed before his mind's eye, pictures of Samson, Hercules, and other famous victims of female tyranny ; he was just about to add himself to the gallery when by a blessed chance Henry the Eighth intervened, and the memory of that monarch's bluff, hearty methods came to him as a happy precedent for asserting the moral dignity of man.

"My dear," he said firmly, "the thing is impossible on the face of it. You might just as well ask me to go and tell his Majesty the King that Windsor Castle is too near Ealing, and

that you would be glad if he would move it into Yorkshire." Mr. Lauriston was rather pleased with his loyal simile ; he felt that he was in a sense repaying to the throne of England the debt of courage that he had just incurred. Perceiving that his words had had some small effect on Cicely he continued : " Besides, how do you know that these young men are at all undesirable ? Martin said they looked very respectable."

" Only one of them," said Agatha ; " and criminals very often look respectable."

" My dear child," retorted Mr. Lauriston, " what do you know about criminals ?" Agatha's knowledge being limited to an ex-housemaid who had exchanged her aunt's silver spoons for whisky not destined for general use, he felt that he had marked a point.

" Whether they are criminals or not is quite beside the question," said Aunt Charlotte loftily ; " and I don't care how respectable they are. But while I am in charge of these girls I am not going to run any risks. If you don't mind your nieces being insulted and pursued, you should remember that Miss Doris Yonge is our guest. She shall not be exposed to that sort of thing."

Aunt Charlotte's mind moved with such rapidity that Mr. Lauriston was on the point of yielding and joining the lamentable company of Samson and Hercules, but the brave English monarch rescued him once more, and he spoke with the firmness of a man and a householder. " My dear, it will be quite time to bring railing accusations of that sort when you perceive the slightest foundation for them. At present the insults have all been on one side. I have always made it an invariable rule in the City to treat every man as a gentleman unless he proves himself otherwise, and I shall not alter it now."

Mr. Lauriston's valour served him well : it gained him the ally for whom he had looked. Cicely added something more to the discussion. " I don't think disguised house-boats, I mean criminals would sit at a trestle-table and drink tea," she said with conviction.

" Of course not," agreed Mr. Lauriston, though it is to be feared that he looked on Cicely's remark rather as a vote of confidence in himself than as a ponderable argument in his favour. He was encouraged to proceed. " Probably, Charlotte, these young men will not be the slightest inconvenience to us. Indeed,

I should not be surprised if they were just as determined to avoid us, as you are to avoid them. Why should they come to this deserted spot unless they wanted to be quiet?"

"Perhaps they'll come round and ask *us* to go away," said Agatha, her cheeks betraying a little glow of irritation apparently provoked by his words.

Mr. Lauriston laughed; he felt that he was winning. "So you see, my dear," he continued, "that it is a hundred to one against any trouble arising out of the situation."

Aunt Charlotte's face showed that her husband's logic had not been wasted. Moreover she felt that Cicely had deserted her and that the others were wavering. But she did not yield; she moved back to her next trench. "Well, *we* will move then," she said, "as Agatha suggests."

"Oh, but I didn't," put in that young lady quickly. She thought that flight would be equal to a confession of inferiority, and said so.

Cicely, too, looked alarmed at her Aunt's suggestion. "Aunt Charlotte!" she said reproachfully. "They would laugh at us, to say nothing of all the packing."

"Couldn't we give it a day's trial," suggested Doris, "and see how we get on?"

"Yes," added Cicely, extracting a tiny insect from her pink sherbet with a spoon; "we could go away the next day if we met too many young men about, if we found them in our tea-cups or anything."

"One should never be in too great a hurry," said Mr. Lauriston.

Aunt Charlotte saw that she was now alone, so she gave way. "Very well," she conceded, "we will give it a trial. But if anything unpleasant happens, Henry, remember we move at once; and perhaps you had better tell Martin not to hold any communication with the people on the house-boat. It might put us in a false position if one of our party were friendly with them, even though it was only Martin."

Mr. Lauriston acquiesced in this; after all Charlotte had been brought round to a comparatively reasonable frame of mind, and he could afford to give way in trifles.

CHAPTER III

"I SHALL take a stroll and look round," said Mr. Lauriston carefully selecting a cigar from his case. "In the afternoon we will go out in the boat if you like."

Mrs. Lauriston nodded; she was deeply immersed in those household problems which never allow a married woman to indulge in alien thought between breakfast and luncheon; the mere fact that she had exchanged a roof of slates for one of canvas did not entitle her to freedom, and Martin was not as yet the most expert of cooks, though he showed some promise. The girls had left the camp, Agatha going off to the village to make some small purchases, the other two having taken the boat, a family boat of great reputation for safety in the town from which it had been hired; Cicely had expressed a faint desire to learn the art of steering.

So till luncheon Mr. Lauriston was his own man, and he set off on his stroll with a happy feeling of irresponsibility, leaving his wife seated in the door of the store-tent busied in calculations with a note-book and a pencil. In his younger days Mr. Lauriston had served as a volunteer, and though the idea of military training then, even more than now, aimed principally at making men spring smartly up to attention, yet there had not been wanting a few colour-sergeants of revolutionary tendencies who held theories about tactics, and Mr. Lauriston had been influenced by them enough to know that if you do not want to be seen you must not stand on the sky-line; you must, in fact, hide yourself. He would doubtless have repudiated indignantly the suggestion that he wished to hide himself; but he might have admitted that it is needless to put a woman to the trouble of commenting on actions when their motive is incomprehensible to her.

To put it briefly, Mr. Lauriston intended to visit the house-boat; he felt a yearning for male society which was unknown to him in the daily life that led him regularly from Ealing to the City and back again. It may have been that in the City he met as many men as his social instincts required, and if he wanted more men he could go to his club. But he had never fully realised before how much the interest of his life depended on this casual exchange of male opinions, or how little his wife and nieces (fond though he was of them) were able to fill the blank.

They entertained him adequately and pleasantly every evening at home : he did not feel that they were in any way insufficient on Sunday ; but here, in the heart of Nature, things were different somehow, and undoubtedly he was incomplete. It may also be that the open-air life had aroused in him some of the elemental man that had so long been dormant. Mr. Lauriston felt a craving, not to swear exactly, but to be at liberty to do so if he wished, and moreover, should the wish come to him, to have a sympathetic audience.

Therefore Mr. Lauriston had made up his mind to visit the house-boat, and to that end he set out in a diametrically opposite direction. Had he taken the nearest path which led to the bridge across the back-water his wife would have seen him, and possibly have become suspicious ; but by crossing the meadow and doubling on his tracks he hoped to reach the bridge unperceived. And fortune favoured him, for on the far side of the meadow he found a gate leading into a lane whose high hedges would have concealed the approach of a battalion as readily as of one ex-volunteer. As luck would have it the lane led right up to the bridge ; but now he had before him the common military problem of having to move for a distance across the open. Before doing so he reconnoitred cautiously. Peeping warily round the corner, where the hedge ended in a few yards of railing, he surveyed the camp. There were the three tents and his wife's chair in the doorway of the middle one, but she herself was not to be seen. Now was the time, and casting hesitation to the winds he hurried across the bridge, not without more than one backward and strategic glance ; but Mrs. Lauriston did not appear, and soon he had crossed the open meadow beyond the bridge and was again screened by some bushes. After this he proceeded more leisurely as befits a man and a householder who is a volunteer no longer, contentedly puffing at his cigar. Presently he came to the lock, and crossing the light swinging bridge he took his way along the path by the flood-gates until he reached the mill. The miller stood in the doorway and wished him good morning.

"Campin', sir ?" he said, and Mr. Lauriston admitted it without pride. "There's a party up there, as well," added the man pointing up stream. "Two of them was fishin' in the pool last night after the wheel stopped ; caught a proper lot of chub they did."

Mr. Lauriston expressed polite interest, and after a minute or two of general conversation asked whether he could get along the bank. The man assured him that there was a path through the osier-bed though it looked impenetrable, and thanking him Mr. Lauriston went on. The path was not so difficult to find as it looked from outside, and he soon made his way to the stile at the end of it, climbed over, crossed the rickety plank gingerly, and found himself within the lines of the rival encampment. He did not see anyone at first, but on passing the oak-tree he perceived Charles, who was lying back in his deck-chair in the shade, smoking a cigarette and superintending William's task of washing the breakfast-things in a bucket near the fireplace.

Mr. Lauriston coughed discreetly, and the others looked up. "I hope I'm not trespassing," he said, "but I was told the tow-path ran along here."

"It does, I believe," answered Charles pleasantly. "It's we who are trespassing if anybody is, though they never tow anything here so far as I can make out."

This affability of address emboldened Mr. Lauriston to proceed. "You have found a very pleasant nook for your camp," he said, looking round in diplomatic admiration.

Charles considered the stranger's neat grey flannel suit with approval, deciding that it was eminently suited to a gentleman whose figure was no longer young.

"Are you a member of the other party?" he asked with interest. Mr. Lauriston acknowledged the fact. "We must consider this as a call," Charles continued with friendly warmth. "Very good of you to look us up. My name is Haddon, and my friend here is Smith. Now what will you drink?" By this time William had produced another chair in which he invited Mr. Lauriston to seat himself. He was a little startled at Charles's use of the word *call*, for a call is a thing that is returned; however it could not be helped; it *was* a call, and he decided to yield to the geniality of the moment; leaving the future to take care of itself. So making known his name he sat down.

"We have most of the baser drinks," continued Charles hospitably. "I myself generally prefer bottled beer after breakfast, but if you'd like whisky or anything——" Mr. Lauriston hesitated for an instant, but soon consented to join Charles in a bottle of beer. Was he not renewing his youth? And in any

case there was a heartiness about this that contrasted favourably with pink sherbet ; moreover that may be done in the open air which would be fatal in the City.

So Mr. Lauriston lay back in his chair alternately puffing at his cigar and sipping the sparkling amber fluid in his glass, while Charles rattled on about the weather and the beauties of the river and other subjects of mutual interest. However, little by little he edged round to more personal matters. "Are you a large party?" he asked in a tone which to William (who had now finished his washing-up and was lying on the grass smoking a short and ancient wooden pipe) seemed too carefully indifferent.

Mr. Lauriston hesitated before he answered. He was undoubtedly in a difficult position, torn between a natural inclination to be frank with the hospitable Charles and a no less natural doubt as to Mrs. Lauriston's approval of his proceedings. So he temporised, "No, quite a small party," he said with the genial air of one who depreciates his own possessions.

"There are five of us," said Charles.

Mr. Lauriston felt a slight implication of reproach. After all there could be no harm in the mere revelation of numbers. "We are six," he returned generously ; "but one does not want to be too crowded," he added, hastening off into generalities. "That's what I always feel about London ; there are too many people."

"Yes," agreed Charles, "and they all look at one with suspicion. There's no friendliness about London ; but the moment one gets out of it the point of view changes, and everyone one meets becomes a possible friend instead of a probable enemy. Man is naturally a sociable animal, only his instincts are nipped in the bud by city life." Charles lighted a cigarette after these deep sayings, and then proceeded, encouraged by Mr. Lauriston's acquiescence. "Yes, I've often wondered at the difference the open air makes in one's way of regarding things. I think though one ought to be under canvas ; a house-boat's a bit too civilised." Charles paused invitingly, but Mr. Lauriston vouchsafed no more than a non-committal smile. "You're camping in tents, aren't you?" continued Charles. His guest's reticence compelled him to directness.

Mr. Lauriston admitted that such was the case and expressed a hope that the weather would continue fair. "A house-boat is better than canvas when it rains," he said.

Charles became chivalrously anxious about the weather at once.

"Oh, I hope it won't rain,"—he scanned the heavens perfunctorily—"but it doesn't look like it. It would quite spoil your expedition." He paused again even more invitingly, but could only elicit some information from Mr. Lauriston about the dry character of a wind with a touch of east in it. His patience began to be exhausted, and he caught a glimpse of a discreet smile on William's amiable countenance. "You have some ladies in your party, haven't you?" he asked. "I caught sight of some parasols yesterday." Charles was expressing himself with modest inaccuracy. He had seen no parasols, but during his stroll after tea he had perceived from afar more than one graceful form flitting about among the tents, and had been sternly rebuked by the Admiral for taking pleasure in the sight.

Mr. Lauriston tried to console himself with the thought that he would have been bound to unbosom himself sooner or later. "Yes," he confessed, "my wife and nieces are with me." He remembered Mrs. Lauriston's strong remarks about his responsibility for Miss Doris, so of her he said nothing.

Charles meanwhile was busy with mental arithmetic. *Nieces*,—that could not mean less than two, it might mean several. The point must be ascertained if possible. "So you are the only man," he said in a tone of admiration.

It may be that Mr. Lauriston's meditations had made him morbidly sensitive of his position; anyhow he fancied that there was a note of raillery in Charles's question, and suddenly felt ashamed of himself. It was quite true; he was the only man, but he could not bring himself to confess it. Could he not equivocate harmlessly? Why, yes, of course he could; there was Martin. What did differences in rank matter? A man is a man for all that. Mr. Lauriston felt a mild glow of socialistic fervour as he answered, "Oh, no. We have a,—man with us." He tried to say *another*, but a deep-rooted respect for the exact truth checked the word on his tongue.

Charles, of course, did not know that the words *a man* were used in their basest and most technical sense, and he at once became almost jealous. "Oh!" was all he said, but his tone conveyed that the man, whoever he might be, who was thus privileged to enjoy the society of the ladies in the other camp was infinitely unworthy of that privilege.

William, who had encountered Martin in the early morning as they both were going to the farm for milk, and had exchanged

a few words with him, smiled again quietly to his pipe. "Let me get out another bottle," he said, seeing that Mr. Lauriston's glass was empty.

But the gentleman thought he must be getting back, as his party would be expecting him. "I'll stroll a bit of the way with you," said Charles with alacrity, and Mr. Lauriston could not well refuse.

So it came about that Cicely (whose well-meant efforts with the rudder-lines had fixed the boat's nose firmly in the soft bank) caught through the trees a glimpse of her uncle shaking hands with a young man in flannels on the bridge that crossed the lock. Doris, who was bravely trying to undo the work done by Cicely's steering, missed this sight. "Shove it hard, dear," said Cicely to her friend, who was pushing against the bank with the boat-hook, "while I make the rudder wobble," and she pulled the lines alternately with most surprising energy.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER parting from Mr. Lauriston, Charles felt disinclined to return to William and the camp. A stroll would undoubtedly be good for him. He felt that he could hardly cross the lock-bridge and follow the direction taken by his new friend, without some invitation more definite than his own hints of returning the call; and one does not return a call until after at least some hours, even under the most informal conditions of life. Yet there could be no impropriety in his pursuing his walk along his own bank of the river. He might see something,—a boat perhaps. This thought caused him to hesitate for a moment. Would it be wise to go back to the house-boat and put on more suitable apparel? But no; after all, he was only going to explore; exploration must always precede conquest,—if, indeed, there be anything to conquer or worth conquering, points which still remained to be cleared up to Charles's satisfaction, for, though you may form some opinion of a woman's figure from a glimpse of her three hundred yards away, you cannot be authoritative as to her face. Charles was not the man to be satisfied with conjecture, or even with moral certainty. So he returned to the

mill, and took the path behind it which followed the course of the river down stream.

Meanwhile William, whose gift for affairs amounted almost to genius, had realised from an inward sensation that a clear conscience and honest toil followed by the charms of Mr. Lauriston's conversation had sped away almost all the hours before luncheon. He set himself accordingly to the laying of the table and the extraction of a whole ox from the tin into which (so the label asserted) it had been painfully compressed. This done, he picked up an enormous metal spoon, the which he beat gong-wise upon the largest frying-pan, thus summoning any of his friends who might be within hearing to the feast. It is surprising how far a brazen clangour of this kind will travel, and in quite a short time the others appeared from different directions, with the exception of Charles, who, oblivious of time, was walking purposefully down the river bank.

"We had a visitor this morning," said William when they were all seated; "one of the other lot."

"One of the parasols?" asked Talbot suspiciously. "Is that where Charles is? Gone off with it?"

William laughed. "Yes, that's where Charles is," he said; "only it's a man, luckily."

"What sort of man?" asked Majendie.

"Elderly," replied William; "not a bad sort, though. Charles tried to pump him."

"About the women?" said the Admiral.

William laughed again. "Yes; but he couldn't get much out of him. He did his level best to get an introduction."

Talbot growled. "That chap will let us in for it, you mark my words."

"Charles was beastly civil," William agreed; "but Lauriston,—that's his name, I think—wasn't over pressing about a return visit. He only just admitted that there were ladies in his party, nieces and a wife,—didn't want to talk about them evidently—so Charles offered to walk back with him."

"Charles has the makings of a monomaniac," said Majendie. "In the whole course of my professional career——"

The Admiral broke in abruptly. Majendie's professional career was of but some two months' duration, and no one attached much importance to it except himself; he, however, argued, perhaps justly, that, in addition to a bedside manner, a

medical man should betray signs of an unfathomable past. So the Admiral asked, "Do you think Charles has gone over to the other camp?"

William shook his head doubtfully. "Lauriston evidently didn't want him; but Charles has social ability. He can push like a woman."

"It's odd," said Majendie, professionally interested, "how men who cultivate the society of women must always develop certain feminine characteristics. Psychical imitativeness is a subject I propose some day to study; it is an unexplored field."

"We shall have," said Talbot, who had been thinking, "Charles turning up with four or five girls to tea this afternoon."

"No," said William with certainty, "not till he's been back to look for that Gladstone bag."

"He'll be pretty mad when he finds it gone," said Majendie. "You'd better disappear for a bit, being the guilty party," he added to Talbot.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," was the heroic answer. "He's got a conscience after all, and he knows that he ought not to have brought that suit."

"He'll be annoyed all the same," said the Admiral. "Take anything else of his you like and he doesn't mind; but when you touch his personal appearance you get him on the raw."

"We'd better all stick to the same story, at any rate," said William sensibly. "Somebody might have seen a suspicious-looking individual about, who has probably burgled the house-boat."

"That won't do," said Majendie. "Charles would rouse the neighbourhood, and some innocent yokel would be dragged off to the lock-up. I know a better plan. We'll just treat the bag as a hallucination. I've come across many cases of similar hallucination in the course of my professional career. There was an out-patient at the hospital who tried to get into the theatre the other day. We asked him what he wanted to do that for, and he explained that he had reason to believe someone was secreting his motor-car in there. We told him that there was an operation going on, and that it would be impossible for him to go in. He jumped to the conclusion that they were operating on his motor-car and got quite violent about it."

"Charles will get violent, too," said William laughing.

"It's a good idea," said the Admiral; "but I shall keep

something solid between him and me while his malady is being diagnosed."

"I'm afraid," said Talbot gloomily, "the loss of his clothes won't prevent him cultivating the women; he's the smartest of us as it is. We shall have to move after all."

"Let's wait and see," said William. "I don't believe he's made their acquaintance yet. No, I'm certain he hasn't," he added as the object of discussion came in sight, looking hot and rather indignant. He had walked down the river-bank for miles and miles as it seemed to him, and had seen nothing but water, grass, trees, and a few cows and horses,—things which he might have seen equally well without leaving his comfortable chair. Instead of immediately joining the party he went to the house-boat and disappeared inside.

"Are you ready with that hallucination?" said Talbot to Majendie.

The latter nodded. "You fellows mustn't laugh," he said; "you must be surprised at first, and sympathetic afterwards. I shall probably tell him he's got a touch of sunstroke." The others promised to follow out these instructions.

Presently Charles reappeared and came towards the group thoughtfully. He took his seat in silence and seizing a bottle of beer unscrewed the stopper emphatically. Having drained his glass, he helped himself to a portion of the compressed ox and some bread. Then at last he spoke. "I suppose you think it's funny," he said in dignified irony.

The eyebrows of the other four went up simultaneously and they all looked at him with well-executed surprise. "What's the matter?" asked the Admiral.

Charles finished a leisurely mouthful before he answered. "The matter is that the sense of the humorous possessed by you people is rudimentary."

"I don't understand," returned the Admiral; "what's the joke?"

"Well, it's hardly a joke," said Charles still laboriously polite. "I take it it's only a tentative experiment in the humorous, and one which would not justify further attempts. It would hardly be good enough for the Lower Sixth."

The Admiral shook his head. "I give it up," he said retiring from the conversation.

Talbot took his place. "Who's been humorous," he asked,

"and what about ? Have you invented a new pun or something which has escaped our notice ?"

"No one has been humorous," said Charles calmly. "You can't expect success the first time or two of trying. Nor have I made a pun ; I do not make puns." He cut another slice of compressed ox.

"I give it up, too," said Talbot.

"You might be a little clearer," suggested William. "Has Mr. Lauriston made a pun ? He didn't look that sort of man."

"A pun," said Majendie, "is a thing which in the whole course of my——"

Charles broke in upon the impending reminiscence. "Exactly so," he said suavely ; "pills are more in your line. But the fact is that I have mislaid my Gladstone bag. I have reason to believe that you people are not ignorant of its whereabouts, and I shall be obliged if you will let me share your knowledge." He poured out the remainder of the bottle.

"Your Gladstone bag ?" echoed the Admiral blankly.

"You haven't got a Gladstone bag," said Talbot with a ring of conviction in his tones.

"I have," Charles replied, "or rather I had. I expect shortly to be in need of it, and therefore I shall be gratified by its early return." Unconsciously Charles's politeness assumed a literary complexion.

"Has he got a Gladstone bag ?" Majendie enquired of William.

"No," said William with unusual firmness.

Charles turned to him. "You may remember," he said, "that yesterday afternoon I was wearing a blue suit. That suit is inside the Gladstone bag."

Majendie exchanged a quick glance with William, whose face at once assumed an expression of guileless surprise. "A blue suit ?" he returned. "You haven't got a blue suit. None of us have," he added in momentary compunction.

Charles's tone became slightly weary. "Perhaps *you* can recall the circumstance," he said to the Admiral. But the Admiral could remember nothing of it.

"What have you been drinking ?" asked Talbot bluntly, thinking it about time for Majendie to take the lead.

"Beer," answered Charles indicating the empty bottle beside

him ; "but one bottle does not make a drunkard, as you seem to imply. It may be that you see two bottles."

"No," said Talbot, "there is but one bottle there ; but neither does one bottle make an imaginary Gladstone bag. What did they give you at the other camp ?"

Charles ignored the question and lit a cigarette nonchalantly. His tremendous calm was not without its impressiveness. Majendie did not like the look of it ; his professional instinct awoke, and he adjusted his eyeglasses, the better to diagnose the case. "I fancy you've been overdoing it a bit, old man, haven't you ?" he said in the bedside manner. "Coming down from London one's apt to overlook the force of the sun."

"Thanks, I feel extremely fit," Charles returned unmoved. A strong determination was working within him. He was the victim of a conspiracy, but he would wreak a summary vengeance in the way that would embarrass the conspirators most. It would not be long, he knew, before the means would lie ready to his hand.

"All the same," continued Majendie persuasively, "I should take it easy this afternoon. Keep in the shade till tea-time ; then you'll feel better still. I'll give you a dose this evening."

"Much obliged to you," said Charles. "I won't overwork myself. I shall just find my Gladstone bag, and then I shall pay a call. I shall very likely bring some ladies back to tea," he said to William as he rose.

Talbot looked after him as he departed. "It'll take some finding," he observed. "If he doesn't pay his call till he's got his clothes, we shan't be worried with ladies' society much."

"He may be driven into going as he is," suggested the Admiral.

"Then there will be no way out of it," was the determined answer ; "we shall have to move to some other spot."

(To be continued.)

NELSON THE CIVILISER

THERE goes about the world the story of an old gentleman who had known the Navy in the days of Nelson and the Nile. In his latter years he was asked by the children of his family to tell them something about the heroes he had seen. "Why," said he, "the officers were barely human, and the men were fiends." The old gentleman was plainly a lover of phrases, and had perhaps learnt how to put things strongly from the naval acquaintances of his youth. Yet the Navy as he saw it was rough, and supplied him with at any rate a basis of solid fact for his lurid judgment. The Captain Corbet of the *AFRICAIN*, whose death gave rise to the legend that his crew had revenged themselves on him by refusing to fight when brought to action by a French frigate, might not unjustly be described as barely human. It would be flattery to say even so much of that Captain Pigot of the *HERMIONE* whose men avenged themselves on him like very fiends. Unhappily the dreadful story of the *HERMIONE* had a shocking sequel. The gallant Hamilton, who retook her, had in after years to appear before a court-martial, and to be found guilty by his brother captains of acts of negro ferocity. A collection of such tales, true, though they do not give the whole truth concerning the Navy, might with moderate industry be compiled from the dusty volumes in the Record Office which contain the minutes of courts-martial. We need not dwell upon them, or quote Captain Hervey of the *SUPERBE* (the possible original of Smollett's *Oakum*) to prove what cannot honestly be denied,—namely that the hard life of the sea which trained the better men to heroic endurance, brutalised the worse, till they were capable of such actions as we only hear of to-day in the criminal courts. These extremes were the exception even in the Navy of the eighteenth century ; but in the world in which they were possible, and not very uncommon, there must

have been a prevailing hardness, or else they would not have been thinkable.

It may be laid down as a rule that in the sea-service of the times when crews were made up by the use of the press-gang, and by drafting prisoners from the jails, authority was exercised to the utmost, and in the hardest spirit, by the officers over the men, by the captain over the officers, by the admiral over the captains. An anonymous pamphleteer who had served under Rodney, and admired him, has told how he saw Sir George walking in solitary grandeur up and down the starboard side of his quarter-deck at St. Eustatia wearing the red ribbon of the Bath which had just been sent out to him from home, and surveying his fleet and his Dutch prizes with the haughty superiority proper to a British admiral. This solitary figure, commanding, and intensely conscious that his relation to all about him was one of superior, whose word was not to be disputed, amid inferiors who were to hear and obey, was the typical officer, admiral or captain, of the old Navy. He had no equal in his fleet or in his ship, and according to the strict social law of the service he was not to speak to a subordinate save to give an order. Human nature will not endure, at least not with impunity, the torture of solitary confinement. We have the story of one gentleman, promoted rather late in life, who endeavoured to act up to the standard always held before him when he was a lieutenant. He was by nature of a genial disposition, and the strain drove him during a long voyage with a convoy to the East Indies to the verge of madness. Admiral Mends, who had seen the survivors of this world, spoke of the strong characters formed by the separation and isolation of the old Navy; but the strength was not always wholesome, and neither was it always consistent. The man who would not treat his officers as gentlemen with whom he could safely relax, had not infrequently the misfortune to fall under the influence of toadies. Hood assures us that Rodney did, and indeed there is abundant evidence for Smollett's Mackshane. The great St. Vincent, the last of the old admirals, might be quoted as a case in point. A modest share of criticism will show any student that he was led by the nose by the obsequious Tucker into such mistakes as approving of the persecution of Sir Home Popham, who was very well able to take care of himself. And St. Vincent would serve as a useful example for anyone who wished to prove

that Fanny Burney was not far wrong when she drew Captain Mirvan, and when, on further acquaintance with naval officers, she refused to repent of him. There was a love of tormenting, a joy as of a school bully in cracking the whip, in inflicting pain, and in inspiring terror about St. Vincent which is all Captain Mirvan. When he promoted good officers and took care of the health of his men, it was solely because a good workman likes good tools, and keeps them fit for service.

It was into this society that Nelson came, bringing with him a spirit never known till then. If the question is put, what did Nelson do which was of most permanent value to the Navy? the answer might be, and in my opinion ought to be, something like this: he made it possible for the officers and men of the Navy to think of themselves as something other than instruments in the hand of the admiral; and he made it possible for the admiral, without loss of authority, to tell his subordinates that he expected them not only to obey, but to co-operate, and that he looked to see their obedience rendered with freedom and independence within their sphere. The tradition of discipline had been firmly established at the time when he hoisted his flag. There was no longer any need to insist that subordination was, according to a once common phrase, "the pivot on which the service turned." But that was the case before his day. Yet St. Vincent always "took a hatchet," as Nelson himself put it, and loved to flourish that weapon. More than intelligence was required to teach an admiral that the service he had a right to demand would be better rendered by men who could be trusted to think for themselves, and to interpret the essential meaning of their instructions.

That "something else," which was quite beyond the ken of such able men as Rodney or St. Vincent, was in the main nothing other than a predisposition to think well of all men, and a wish to earn their good will. This kindness of nature and desire for affection might have been found in a weak man, and then they would have been mischievous, if by any unhappy chance he had been placed in high command. But in Nelson they were combined with a visible and towering superiority. National partiality could hardly be foolish enough to rank him with Cæsar. There have been great captains of much more manly intellect than his; but he had some of the qualities which Savile-Benne noted as belonging to those who are "in all truth the Sons of

Venus," the men born to lead by a certain virtue which goes out of them. The Duke of Clarence, William the Fourth in after times, was raised above himself when he told Clarke and McArthur of his first meeting with Nelson, then the merest boy of a captain with lank unpowdered hair, and a dress which "added to the general quaintness of his appearance," but "irresistibly pleasing in his address, and conversation, and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being." The Duke was not, perhaps, a man of uncommon powers of observation, but at least he shows us the wish to earn, and the capacity to secure affection, combined with the contagious fire of temperament, which made Nelson the unsurpassed leader of men that he was. His biographers, and injudicious admirers at large, may be misled by the mistaken belief that brains are the main qualification of a great commander, not sometimes, which is true, but always, which is false. Holding that erroneous faith, they may insist upon asking the world to admire his intellect, and may make the familiar and tiresome abuse of those well-worn words, tactics and strategy. His correspondence is there, to be compared with Wellington's, or Marlborough's, or Napoleon's, or for that matter Wolfe's, and to show that his strength did not lie in his intellect. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who had served with him and knew him, and also knew Wellington and Napoleon, was wiser than the undiscerning crowd of historians when he said that of the three "Nelson was the man to love." All the witnesses of masculine sense, whom we have to appeal to, agree with Sir Pulteney Malcolm. They could see the quaintness which struck the Duke of Clarence, and were by no means blind to his weaknesses, his vanity, his fits of nerves, his insatiable appetite for flattery. Lord Minto declared that he was in many ways a baby. But there are two points upon which all agree,—that he was a superb fighter, and that he won the affection of all who ever came near him, and won it because he asked for it.

The stories of his kindness have been told by every biographer from Southey to Captain Mahan. How he climbed to the mast-head of the *BOREAS* to encourage a nervous youngster, and how he carried his middies with him into society, and held it to be his duty to introduce them to good company because they had few to look up to besides himself, we know from Mrs. Hughes, the wife of his admiral in the West Indies who came out with him as

a passenger in the frigate. We may guess that the climb up the rigging of the *BOREAS* was a solitary incident, and also remember that Nelson was at the time only six and twenty. But the "goodness of heart of our dearly beloved Hero," to quote Mrs. Hughes again, which prompted an act probably without parallel before or since on the part of any captain, remained unchanged to the end, except in the one passage of his life in which he was beyond all question utterly callous. One need hardly add that the exception was his treatment of his wife, and that it is of the kind which proves the rule. Nelson was then possessed body and soul by that passion, at once sincere and grotesque, which bound him to Emma Hamilton. He fell on the side he leaned to. But nothing ever came between him and his seamen of all ranks. During the Baltic campaign,—that is to say when the story of his domestic unhappiness was at its worst and when his mind was racked with not unmerited pain, Colonel Stewart noted that he always invited the midshipmen of the morning watch to breakfast, fed them well, and larked with them like a boy among boys. He lived with his captains as no admiral had ever done before. It was not that he merely invited them to dinner. St. Vincent had done as much as that, and had occasionally found a relief from the strain of responsibility in horse-play in the company of his inferiors. There was apt, however, to be an element of coarse, not to say cruel, practical joking in the expansions of St. Vincent's jocularly; it would have lost its savour for him if there had not been. But it was Nelson's wish that he and his captains should form "a band of brothers." The phrase as we know was his own, and if as it stands it has a slight flavour of sentimentality, we have only to translate it into the "fair fellowship of Joyeuse Garde" to put it in the proper light.

Nelson, then, desired to be liked, and that all who served under him should be moved to do their best for the love of him; and he had his wish. "You ask me," wrote Captain Duff of the *MARS*, who was killed at Trafalgar, "about Lord Nelson, and how I like him. I have already answered that question as every person must do that ever served under him. He is so good, and pleasant a man, that we all wish to do what he likes, without any kind of orders." It is at least a tenable proposition that no higher praise was ever given to a commander than these simple words of Captain Duff. One can imagine something of the same kind being said, with a touch of condescension, of a general or admiral

who was such a good fellow that his subordinates were always willing to pull him through. But nobody could condescend to the "shaker of the Baltic and the Nile." Nelson inspired his followers and put into them a passionate longing to do their very best that they might help him to glory. Their devotion was the return he received for the affection he gave. Codrington, who commanded the *ORION* at Trafalgar, had some unpleasant traits in his character. Lady Bouchier, when she compiled the biography of her father, cannot have realised what a poor figure he cut when he made querulous complaints of Collingwood's neglect of him, and had then to confess that he was quite wrong, and that the admiral had behaved very kindly towards him. But Codrington has left a testimony to Nelson as valuable as Captain Duff's. "Is Lord Nelson coming out to us again?" he wrote on the 4th September 1805. "I anxiously hope he may be; that I may once in my life see a commander-in-chief endeavouring to make a hard and disagreeable service as palatable to those serving under him as circumstances will admit of, and keeping up by his example that animation so necessary for such an occasion." "Lord Nelson," he writes on the 29th, "is arrived. A sort of general joy has been the consequence." And perhaps we have Nelson here as fully as any man ever described him,—the care for the happiness of all about him, not that they might rest on it, but that he might fire them to the utmost exertion—and on their part the "joy" in such a leader.

It would be impossible to exaggerate, and it is not easy to define, the influence which such a model must have had on the service. We know what Nelson was not called upon to do. He was not asked to make the Navy efficient; that work had been done for him during sixty years by a long succession of chiefs, beginning with Anson and ending with Jervis. It was not even to show us how to win decisive victories at sea. Nelson, again because of the hold he sought for and obtained on the affection of his service and his countrymen, has obscured his predecessors. When we look at the facts alone it is difficult to see in what essential the battle of Trafalgar differed from Camperdown. We had the larger fleet when we fought the Dutch, and also the tougher enemy, and that is really all the difference. But one thing he did which no other man ever attempted. He made the spirit of cheerful obedience honourable, and he showed admirals how to obtain the most zealous obedience, by a

method very different from Rodney's idea of keeping his officers in their place and making them do their duty. The old admirals both spoke and acted as if they assumed that men would fail, or would disobey, unless they were restrained by terror. Nelson's assumption was that everyone would do his duty, and his reliance made it seem incredible to men that they should not.

The passing away of the old brutal spirit of the Navy began in his life. To say that it was wholly his work would be to fall into the kind of mistake which is customary with his biographers, —some of whom at least show a comic incapacity to write of Horatio Nelson (an erring and in some ways a limited man), as if he were not a male admiral at all but a Dulcinea del Toboso, peerless and alone excellent. The world was growing more humane, and then, to tell the plain truth, the "breeze at Spithead" and the outbreak at the Nore had given all men in authority a lesson. They had learnt that callous neglect and unfeeling exaction will produce a revolt of the human animal, and they had in consequence begun to remove the worst grievances of the sailors. None the less, though Nelson was neither the originator, nor the sole workman of the reform, his share in it was great. He did not hesitate to say openly that his heart was with the sailors who mutinied at Spithead, because he knew their cause to be just. It was the consequence of a natural kindness of heart that he wished to be fair, and to have a happy ship, a happy fleet, about him ; and with this spirit, which was unknown to the generation before him, he showed how very possible it was for an admiral to win victories of unprecedented completeness. After his day no man could any longer assert that fear alone would keep order. The change was not made in a day or wholly in his life. When, after the conclusion of the Napoleonic War, the rule that a punishment-book should be kept was established in the Navy, it was said that flogging at once diminished by a half. Croker, who was not a sentimental man, told a young captain that the Admiralty did not like officers who had a long punishment-list ; it was the proof of their fitness for command that they could keep their ships in good order without it. And if one of them had answered that the thing could not be done, he could have been bidden to remember Nelson.

DAVID HANNAY.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

(A SKETCH IN OLD SERVIA)

WE sat in the Archimandrite's little room, high up in the big, white-washed monastery : the Archimandrite, dark, dignified, keen-eyed, in long black robe and crimson sash, with a gold cross on his breast ; the Montenegrin schoolmaster, a tall Vassoievich man from the Bloody Frontier ; the Montenegrin merchant, hook-nosed, with clear grey eyes, travelled and much experienced in things Balkan ; the Servian schoolmaster ; my Montenegrin guide, Marko, gay in his crimson and blue national costume,—and myself, the only non-Slavonic member of the party. Nature has ordained that betwixt the various human races there should be gulfs that cannot be fathomed and chasms that cannot be bridged ; but there is one universal law that holds good everywhere. It is always polite to offer and accept drinks. We drank to one another's good health in beer or cognac according to taste, and as we were on Turkish territory, black coffee was inevitable.

Below, in the courtyard round the white church, surged a dense and parti-coloured crowd of peasants,—folk from Bosnia, the Herzegovina, Montenegro, Servia—men, women and children, gorgeous in gala dress ; gold embroidery, silver breast-plates, coin necklaces, peacocks' feathers, bizarre and gaudy artificial flowers, made at home from snippets of Berlin wool and tissue paper, all blazed together in the sunshine. It was Troitzan Dan (Whit-Sunday), when pilgrims flock to the monastery church from all the Servian-speaking lands, and they comprise the larger part of the Balkan peninsula. The valley rang with national songs and the shrill note of the double pipe. Each sang what pleased him best, regardless of his neighbours, and the effect was more hilarious than musical. Beer and rakija flowed freely.

"The nation," said the Archimandrite, "is enjoying itself to-day ; but it is the most unfortunate in all Europe."

"That is true," said the Servian schoolmaster emphatically. "There is no nation for whom Europe has so little pity, and no nation to whom she owes more. When the Turk came into the Balkan peninsula the Serbs were the last to fall. They stood between the Turk and Europe. It was over their bodies that he made his way : when he attacked Vienna it was the Serb refugees in Hungary that helped Austria to force him back ; and of all the conquered peoples, the Serbs, led by Karageorge a hundred years ago, were the first to fight free. Europe owes the Serbs much ; they turned back the Turk."

"We were never, never taken," said Marko eagerly. He is a Njegush man, and intensely proud of the fact that of all the Balkan people the Serbs of Montenegro were never conquered and no Turk ever entered Njegush. "They asked us for poll-tax and maidens for their dirty Pashas, and we gave them powder and shot. And," he went on, turning to the Vassoievich schoolmaster, "you never paid tax either."

The Vassoievich laughed. "Till Europe allowed us to be Montenegrin after the war of 1876-77 we paid tax to nobody. We were quite wild, as the mountain Albanians are now. There were Turks between us and Montenegro then and we could not join our own people. Unluckily the gentlemen diplomatists of Berlin knew nothing at all about us ; they cut our land in half ; half the clan they freed, and the rest they handed over to the Turks. Now they wonder that there is always trouble on that frontier. The lot of our brothers under the Turk is harder than before, and we are forbidden to help them. Europe would say Montenegro was causing trouble in the Balkans and would intervene. They are disarmed and helpless."

"She knows," said Marko ; "she has been there."

I remembered very vividly the blank misery of that most unhappy corner of all the Sultan's European lands. People in England talk much about Macedonia, but the state of Macedonia is blissful compared to that of corners in Old Servia.

"It is just two years ago since I was there," said I. "How is it now, and what about the reform scheme ?"

"The reform scheme," replied the Archimandrite snapping

his fingers, "isn't worth—that. Things were bad enough before; they are worse now. Extra money has to be raised to pay these fine foreign officers, and the taxes were already high. You were in Macedonia last year,"—he looked at me sharply—"I wonder if you know what these officers do."

"I was told," I answered cautiously, "that they ate and drank in their quarters and did not trouble themselves otherwise. Of one I heard that he knew no Balkan language and had no dragoman. Certainly the state of the country is no better."

"Of course it isn't," said the schoolmaster; "it was never intended to be."

"The plain truth is," said the merchant, "Russia wants Constantinople and Austria Salonika; neither wishes peace in the Balkans. Europe looks on while they intrigue one against the other, and the Serb people suffer martyrdom. That is the whole story. Now comes this terrible news about the Russian fleet. If it be true, as I fear, Russia can do nothing here. Austria thinks it is her chance. Here, where we are now, the land, though the population is entirely Serb, is recognised by Europe as Turkish, but Austria is on the doorstep with her army. She works night and day to excite a Moslem attack on the Serb Christians, works quietly and silently, and smuggles weapons in pieces into the country to arm the Moslems against us. That is how Austria works reform. When the rising begins Austria hopes for Europe's permission to march in and quiet it. When Europe says, 'Pray walk in, gentlemen,' the Turk will not dare raise a finger, and Austria will be several days' march nearer Salonika. That is the sort of reform we are taxed for."

"The wrath of God," said the Archimandrite, "has fallen upon Russia. She has forgotten her brother Slavs, and has gone out to heathen lands where she had no business. A curse has fallen upon her. That is my opinion."

"Russia," said the merchant bitterly, "does not care about her 'brother Slavs'; she only wants Constantinople. Servia is not on the road to Constantinople, and she does not trouble about us. And Europe has lied to us and broken faith. In 1877, after five centuries of tyranny, the Turk was crushed. The Serb people hoped to be free at last. Of all, the Herzegovinians had fought most gallantly: they were heroes, the Herzegovinians, and they had won freedom; but Europe gave them to Austria,—to Austria, of all countries! What business has Austria in the Balkans at

all? A small, a very small part of the land only was freed, and is now Montenegrin. Europe said that Austria would arrange and set right the land for a few years only, for twenty-five years. It was hateful to the people, and they would not lay down their arms at first; but they believed that Europe would keep faith with them, and they were persuaded to do so in a luckless hour. Austria has filled her pockets well."

"Had they known," cried Marko, "that it was a lie, the Herzegovinians would have all died fighting on the mountains before they gave up a single weapon."

"The twenty-five years are past," said the schoolmaster, "and far from retiring, the Austrians are now preparing to advance. The fight last week near Bielopolje was incited by them, and meant for a beginning."

The said fight was an attack upon the Serb peasantry by Moslems, in which sixteen Christian Serbs were killed and two women carried off. The forcible abduction of Christian women is only too common in this unhappy district. The Serbs avenged themselves by firing a Moslem village, and the Moslems retorted by burning a Christian one. The rising, which looked ominous, was subdued by Nizams sent hastily to the spot. A very small spark will suffice to fire the Balkans, and the excitement was wild. In the Montenegrin village where I happened to be at the time, news came flying that the Turks were over the frontier and war inevitable. We mobilised the local force with a swiftness that was a sight to see, had our men on the border within six hours of the alarm, telegraphed for a doctor in case of casualties,—and prayed that the news was true and that the Turks would open the ball; but they did not.

"And you believe," I asked the company, "that this rising was incited by Austria?"

"We are quite certain of it," they replied.

Marko's ideas run principally on deeds of daring, and he values a man entirely according to his thews and sinews. "I don't believe the Austrian army is worth much," he said valiantly; "I don't believe it could fight the Turks. Look at the officers. What is the use of a man who goes into battle with a skinful of beer in front of him? It is a disgrace to a man to stick out in front like that. The Turks are beasts, but they are all thin and hard."

"Austria doesn't fight," said the Archimandrite. "She was well beaten by Italy and Germany. She doesn't fight now; she

gets all she wants by plotting and scheming ; she never tells the truth and Europe believes all she says. The land swarms with Austrian spies."

"So far as I have seen myself," said I, "Russia is trying to buy one half the Balkan peninsula and Austria the other. I observed a pretty definite line last year dividing the spheres they each work in."

"And that is the truth," said the merchant.

"Thank God," added the schoolmaster, "we have now in Serbia a good King with a Servian heart! Had Alexander lived three more years Serbia would have been Austrian. He was a traitor ; from the moment he married the woman Draga he was lost ; all Serbia was in her hands, and she would sell anything and everything."

"But for the Serb people it was a misfortune," I ventured to say, "that Alexander and Draga died in the way they did. It put all Serbs in a bad position in the eyes of Europe." I did not expect anyone to agree with me, but I wanted to hear what they would say. I have haunted Serb lands now for some time, and having been all through Serbia just a year before Alexander's fall had heard and seen enough to understand the nation's attitude. The reply came quickly.

"It would have been even worse for Serbia had they lived. It was hideous, if you please, but it was necessary. Desperate diseases need strong remedies. It will be many years before Serbia recovers from the Obrenovitch rule. Why cannot Europe understand? The court was a disgrace to all Europe. Do you know what sort of a woman Draga was?"

"Yes, yes," I replied hastily, for the Balkan man when excited is apt to call a spade something more than a spade, and I had already had a sufficiency of unpleasing anecdotes forced upon me.

"For the sake of peace and to save a revolution," said the schoolmaster, "Serbia bore much ; but it would not be sold to Austria by a bad woman. Make them understand that in England. Austria planned for years and years and almost succeeded ; but not quite, thank God! Tell that in England. Now Austria is furious ; the plans of twenty-five years have failed ; the Serb nation is entirely with King Peter ; there was no revolution, as Austria hoped. Why will not England recognise our King that we have chosen, and help us against Austria? The King's position is very difficult. Austria works perpetually to

spread falsehoods against him, and she will never cease doing so. The latest thing is that a newspaper, financed by Austria and printed in Austria, has tried to create a quarrel between the two free Servian lands, Montenegro and Serbia, by circulating libels about Prince Nikola. Thank God, Prince Nikola has brains! The lies have been entirely disproved, and the plot has failed. The bitter thing to us, who are patriots, is that these tales get into European papers and are believed. Look at the land where we are now. Everyone, whether Christian or Moslem, speaks Serb only and is of Serb blood. If this piece of land between Serbia and Montenegro could only be given to us and set free, and Serbia and Montenegro made one, it would be our salvation. Serbia could export its goods freely, for Montenegro has a coast and ports. But Austria will not allow this; she wishes to strangle Serbia. Now almost all Servian trade must go through Austria and pay,—pay so heavily—it is death to Serbia. But hard as is our position, it is better now than it was. We have a King with a Servian heart, and we can hope."

I have met those who regretted the manner of Alexander's end, but never one who regarded it as other than an event necessary for the nation's salvation, a casting out of abominations. And the crude pictures of Draga's last minutes that adorn the cottages and are inscribed, *Where would Serbia be if this Sodom and Gomorrah had been allowed to continue?* sufficiently indicate the popular point of view. Things look so different in different lights.

"They say now," said the schoolmaster, "that a great Bulgarian propaganda is being worked in England. It will be a terrible misfortune for all the Balkan Slavs if England believes the tales of charlatans, and supports one Slav race for the destruction of the other."

"To me," said I, "it seems a great misfortune that Serbia and Bulgaria cannot work together."

"It is a very great misfortune. Bulgarian chauvinism is ruining everything. Bulgaria claims all and each. A huge amount of money is spent on the propaganda."

"I know," said I. "Who pays?"

"God knows! But this is true. Bulgaria now is trying to work a Bulgar propaganda in Old Serbia,—Old Serbia, the heart of the Serb nation! This is too much. Montenegro schoolmasters, who are known to be good teachers, have been offered

good pay to turn Bulgar and work the propaganda in the Serb schools here. Fortunately they are good patriots and have refused to sell their nation. Bulgaria buys bishoprics of the Turks, and the bishops work only politics."

This I knew from experience to be true. I told how his Grace the Bishop of Ochrida would not even send a priest to the funeral of an unfortunate orphan whose parents had died in the late insurrection, until assured that I would pay.

"Just like the Bulgarian Church," was the comment. "Everyone knows that man, and the one at Istih is as bad."

"The Slav people of Macedonia," said the Archimandrite, "are in truth neither Serb nor Bulgar. The two races meet there and the dialect is mixed. What did you think they were?"

"When a British Consul asked me that question," said I, "I replied that if I had £50,000 a year and were free to act, most of them would soon be English."

"And by God you answered truly!" said the merchant. "These poor people only want to be freed from the Turk; anyone can buy them who has enough money. Serb and Bulgar ought to work together to free them. The violent anti-Serb propaganda, worked by Bulgaria, weakens the whole position and prevents the liberation of the land. Ferdinand of Bulgaria wants to be king of wide lands; he cares nothing at all about the Slav race; he is ready to give Servia to Austria in order to gain his own ends; he is a *Schwab* [a contemptuous term for a German] and they are all alike, sly like cats; they plot and crawl in the dark when no one sees. Ferdinand is a fool. He would ruin the Slav people for his own advantage; but if he thinks he will reign in Constantinople he is much mistaken. He never will; he exists so long as Russia wishes; when Russia gives the word,—good-bye, Ferdinand! There will never be peace in the Balkans till a disinterested nation, that does not want territory, intervenes. Austria, Russia, and Italy only incite the people one against the other for their own purposes. The Turk must go, and the Balkans belong to the Balkan people."

"The Turk also assists in exciting racial differences," I suggested.

"No, not now; he used to; but it is all now done by the Reforming Powers. The Turk knows very well that another general war would be fatal to him. He would be only too glad

to have the land quiet ; but he is quite powerless. He cannot learn ; he never has learned. He cannot reform ; he never has reformed. Things now are entirely beyond his control. A Turk is always a Turk ; you can do nothing with him except send him back to Asia. You can send him to school, to London, or Paris, or Vienna,—I have known so many, so very many : they came back apparently civilised and with liberal ideas ; but in six months they were more Turkish than the rest. Everything European was washed off, as is paint off a woman's face in a rain-storm."

"The Moslems here," said the Vassoievich man, turning to me and laughing, "are greatly excited about you. They do not believe you are a woman. In the bazar this morning there was a report that you were either a Russian consul, or the son of Prince Nikola of Montenegro, in disguise."

"That's the fault of that cursed gendarme who came with us from the frontier," cried Marko. "He brought us by the hell of a track. The Gospodjitza's horse fell in a mud-hole. She jumped off at once and snatched the saddle-bags to save her things from the wet, and the pig of a gendarme, instead of going to help get the horse up, stood there and cried, 'That's a man, I swear !' But the Turks dare not do anything to her ; they are afraid of the British fleet. It is extraordinary ! By God, I never knew what a great Power England is till I saw her drinking coffee with the Pasha himself, and he as polite as you please !"

Marko, till he saw this wondrous sight, had thought of Pashas only as cutters off of heads and abductors of Christian women, and he has not even yet recovered from his amazement.

As for the Pasha, a grey-bearded diplomatist, he hailed me with as much enthusiasm as did the Serbs ; for he too had a point of view which he wished explained in England and he also wanted information.

"It is a great pleasure," he said in excellent French, "to welcome an English lady here. I am a good Ottoman, and England has always been our friend in difficulty. Here, Mademoiselle, I am in a very difficult position ; you can scarcely realise how difficult ; but I try to do my duty. The land is, as of course you know, Turkish : this was decided by the Berlin Conference ; but here are the Austrians on the very doorstep, indeed inside the house. We of course govern, but their soldiers are here,

there, everywhere. And, Mademoiselle, they are not yet satisfied ; they are trying to advance."

"Are they indeed?" said I.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I assure you. Oh what a position is mine! On one side the Servians, always plotting against us ; on the other side the savage Montenegrins ; on the third side the Austrians. I assure you it is very difficult for me."

"I can well believe it," said I.

"England however has always been our friend. I trust she will see justice done. Mademoiselle," he continued sweetly, "you have come through Montenegro. I should very much like to know what there is in Montenegro now."

"Stones and mountains, your Excellency," said I.

"Yes," said the Pasha with an expressive wave of the hand, "that I know, Mademoiselle. But—what are the Montenegrins doing just now?"

"Cultivating the land and taking their sheep to the mountains, Excellency."

"And—er—er—you find it a quiet land to travel in?"

"Perfectly," said I. "No gendarmes are required there." And the subject dropped.

Nor were the Serbs and the Pasha the only ones who had a point of view. Austria, too, was exercised as to the functions of a British subject in a district ear-marked as Austrian in future. The consul hastened to call ; so did a decorative officer in a uniform that dazzled Marko. They were both extremely affable, and inquisitive. It surprised them, they said, that an Englishwoman should travel among the Serbs ; they had not been aware England took any interest in such people. They made minute enquiries as to the extent of my wanderings. The consul had travelled pretty extensively ; that is to say he had explored the greater part of "the Austrian sphere" ; most Austrian consuls in the Balkans have. I had however out-travelled him ; he would much like particulars. I recommended him strongly to go and see for himself those most interesting places. He and the officer both said they were glad I had come, because now I could tell England how very much better the land was when regulated by Austria. They were much puzzled, however, as to the reason of my travels. "It cannot be for pleasure," said the consul ; "the life is most frightfully hard, as I know."

"Why do *you* travel then?" said I.

"Oh," said the consul, "I am very fond of travelling."

"And so am I," I replied.

Nor did either of us extract much information from the other. Both officer and consul, however, assured me of the great affection Austria bears to Great Britain, and how the nations of the world admire England's sense of justice; and repeating that my visit had afforded them great satisfaction, because I could report truly the state of affairs, they took their leave.

Thus did the oldest inhabitant the Serb, the conqueror the Turk, and the man who would fain succeed him the Austrian, tell their tales to a wandering Briton. And I said to myself: "Truly Marko is right; England is still a very important place." And, in accordance with the request of all three, I report their conversation. But I put the Serb first, for it appears to me that the right is on his side.

M. EDITH DURHAM.

Montenegro, July, 1905.

BREAD

BREAD, we are told, is the staff of life ; it should not, therefore, be a waste of our time to try to learn what is known of it, and of the wheat and flour which are to make it. And yet, although we all live more or less by bread, there is hardly any subject upon which the ordinary public are more profoundly ignorant.

According to the returns of the Board of Trade, bread and flour constitute nearly half of the labouring man's solid food, and it is therefore most important, from a national point of view, that each of these commodities should be produced, and that the public should know and ensure that they are produced, in as pure and nutritious a form as possible. It was with this aim that the Assize of Bread was instituted at an early age, and in the year 1202 a proclamation was made for regulating the quality and price of bread. Four "discreet" men were appointed to carry out the provisions of this law, and the pillory and tumbril were the punishments awarded to those who broke or evaded it. It is to be feared that, were the Assize of Bread still in force, the modern system of flour-milling would to some extent infringe the enactments, and render some of our millers liable to its penalties.

Let us first briefly consider the growth and production of the cereal wheat, and notice some of the peculiarities attaching to it.

It is a tender annual requiring constant attention, and if left uncared for, and uncultivated, dies out. For instance, let a field be sown with wheat and then let it be neglected ; the wheat plant will grow up and shed its grain, and this may possibly survive a mild winter, but in the course of two or three years there will be no trace left of the crop, nor of the plant. Very different is this from the herbage for cattle, which grows everywhere unasked, and which covers very quickly any waste ground. Again, it is not only a tender annual, but it is remarkable for

the very wide range of latitude in which it will grow. It is cultivated in the hot plains of India; it grows in the cold of Siberia, and even within two hundred and fifty miles of Klondike. It is believed there is no other plant which is adapted to such great changes.

Wheat requires the ground to be prepared for it, thus involving an enormous amount of labour. To till even one acre with furrows twelve inches apart compels the ploughman with his plough and team to travel eight miles and a half; if the field be fifty acres in area, it entails a journey of four hundred and twenty-five miles. The grain has then to be drilled into the soil, and the field has to be rolled and harrowed. When the time of harvest arrives it has to be reaped, gathered and stored, threshed, and ground into flour. Finally it has to be baked and made into bread to gladden the heart of man. We are told that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and this is strictly and literally true.

It is noticeable that the value of a crop of wheat depends, not only upon the quality and quantity of the grain, but also to some extent upon the crisp, bright, glassy character of the straw. The straw-hat trade of Luton and Dunstable, and other places in the neighbourhood, depends upon the fact that the straw used for plaiting is grown on adjacent chalk land. The plant has great affinity for the silica in the chalk and flints, and uses it for coating the outside of the stalk with that beautiful glass-pipe covering. And it is due to this fact that America, although she grows such enormous quantities of wheat upon her alluvial lands (having no chalk land), has to send to England for straw, through which her people consume their iced drinks, the straw being stiff and air-tight, and therefore more suitable for the purpose than their own.

The question of handling large quantities of grain in America and elsewhere is an extremely interesting one, and an effort is now being made on a large scale to introduce into other countries the system which is in operation in the United States and Canada. The subject, however, is of too technical a character to be more than very briefly referred to here.

In the United States are certain Government officials known as graders, whose business it is to value, or grade, all wheat, according to its quality, under certain numbers. A farmer bringing his grain to a railway station in the Far West obtains a

certificate for so many bushels, say of No. 1 or No. 2, and this enables him, without waiting for the transportation of his own particular wheat to New York and elsewhere, a journey occupying days and even weeks, to claim an equivalent quantity of grain of equivalent quality at a moment's notice in New York, Chicago, and other ports. By this means he is able immediately to realise the value of his crop.

The wheat is transmitted in due course and is warehoused ready for shipment in grain-elevators, which are large rectangular buildings of great height, consisting of vertical bins, some of which are a hundred feet in depth. Large steamers come alongside and can be loaded with grain in bulk to the extent of three to four thousand tons in twelve hours. Endless horizontal belts of india-rubber, twenty-four to thirty-six inches in width, travelling at high speed, convey the grain from bin to ship at the rate of four hundred and fifty tons an hour on a single belt; and Jacob's ladders, which are endless vertical belts fitted with buckets, lift the grain from the basement, or from railway trucks, to the top of the granary, whence it is distributed in any direction desired, No. 1 quality going into its proper bin and other qualities into theirs.

Let us next consider the constituents of a single grain of wheat,—the seed of the wheat plant—the principal and all important ingredient in every loaf of bread. If a grain of wheat be cut in half and examined under a microscope, it will be found that beneath the outer covering which constitutes the bran and “sharps” there are two divisions. The larger one of these contains the white substance or flour, and the smaller, the germ or embryo of the future plant. It is the germ that provides in great measure the colour, the flavour, and the nourishment of the wheat. It is rich in proteid, or fat, and its presence or absence in the flour makes all the difference between bread which is palatable and nutritious and that which is tasteless and indigestible.

From the earliest ages until comparatively modern times, our ancestors had the wisdom so to grind the grain that the resulting flour contained the white substance as well as the nutritious elements of the germ. To this end they employed horizontal running stones,—the upper and nether mill-stones of the Bible. From these issued a flour, wholesome and full of nutriment, but in colour, owing to the golden tinge of the seed-germ contained

in it, not a dead white. This was the flour which for centuries went to make the good old fashioned home-made bread which our ancestors used, and which went to make our ancestors what they were.

Many of us can remember the introduction about thirty years ago of "Pure White Hungarian Flour," and how it originated the demand, first of our housekeepers and cooks, and afterwards of our working-classes, for white bread. To enable the baker to supply this very white bread to the public, it became necessary for the miller to supply the baker with white flour. This could not be achieved by the use of the old-fashioned horizontal grindstones, which by disintegrating the germ tinted the flour. It became obvious to the miller that, to produce the white flour demanded, the colouring germ must be eliminated from it, and this he has succeeded in doing most effectually. The old upper and nether stones are put on one side, and for the production of white flour steel roller-mills are substituted. These steel rollers do not crush or disintegrate the germ; their mission is to roll it out into little discs, which do not go to make the flour at all, but are sifted out from the flour by sieves of silk. The result is that the public have achieved the white or anæmic loaf, but, in doing so, they have lost the best of the nutritive element of bread. The little discs of nutriment are used for various purposes, being bought, in some cases, by certain patent bread companies, but the bulk going to feed pigs and cattle, while our children are being regaled upon the non-nutritious white loaf. The moral we can draw from it is,—“Give up the Staff of Life and eat the bacon of the pigs which have been fed upon the germ discs.”

Formerly we were perfectly satisfied with our old fashioned home-made bread, but now we have scores of different names for various breads, none of which are one whit better, and most of them many degrees worse, than the bread of old.

The following letter appeared in *THE TIMES* of August 5th, 1904 :—

SIR,—As I observe that the report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration has been issued, allow me to call attention to another cause which is operating in a serious manner upon the people.

I was informed a few weeks ago by a gentleman who owns large flour mills, which produce 50,000 tons of flour annually, that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extremes that at the present moment

many of the millers are putting up expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour. This is being done by ozone and nitrous acid; the object being to make an artificially white bread, and to enable grain to be used which would otherwise give a darker colour to the flour. The development of the grinding process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned stones have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure. The result of this is that the germ and other most nutritive constituents of the wheat are to a great extent abstracted, and the valuable character of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being as formerly the "staff of life," has become to a great degree an indigestible non-nutritive food, and that it is responsible amongst other causes for the want of bone and for the dental troubles in the children of the present generation. Some go so far as to connect it with appendicitis, and to express an opinion that the stamina of the nation is threatened.

It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compensates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of phosphates; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man, if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided and that "seconds" flour, now almost unprocurable, should alone be used either for bread or pastry. If the public will demand from their bakers this description of flour only, the millers will see that it is to their true interest to supply the more wholesome, the more nutritive, and by far the best flavoured material.

This letter was written after consultation with several of the leading physicians, surgeons, and chemists of London, also with dentists, millers, and bakers carrying on large businesses.

The writer recently visited some flour-mills in which one part was still using the old-fashioned stones, the other portion of the establishment being devoted to roller-grinding. The official in charge of the former said that he considered that roller-grinding and abstraction of the germ ought to be prohibited by Act of Parliament. On visiting the roller-mill, the foreman of that department, being asked what advantages accrued from roller-grinding, replied, "It makes such superior flour." To the question what he meant by superior flour, he answered, "It is much whiter." He was next asked which was the more nutritious. "That," said he, "is quite another matter." The discussion was finally clinched by the question upon which flour he fed his family, and his reply was an eloquent testimony as to the pernicious character of the entire system, for he said, "I feed them upon stone-ground flour."

Bread made from flour which contains the germ is far more

palatable and pleasant and will remain fresh for days. Such a loaf, after being kept for a fortnight, was found to be perfectly suitable for eating, for although dry on the outside, it was moist inside even after that length of time. Roller-ground flour, on the contrary, makes bread which crumbles like sawdust within a few hours, is absolutely tasteless, produces indigestion, and gives but little satisfaction in any way.

The importance of feeding the army and navy upon the most nutritious flour is a matter of national importance, and the Government should thoroughly investigate the subject, especially as the cost of the better material is no greater, and probably less, than the inferior.

It is, or rather was (for it is hoped the public are beginning to insist upon having stone-ground flour), difficult to obtain the right description of bread, and it was therefore thought possible to protect one's self and family from the evil effects by consuming brown bread; but it was discovered that brown bread, as a rule, is merely made by adding bran to the white flour.

Readers of this article should obtain a small quantity of the wheat-germ from a miller, and taste a few of the grains. No further argument will be necessary to convince them of the heinousness of the offence of abstracting this from the food of our population. It will at once bring back sweet memories of our youth, when walking through the cornfields we rubbed the ears of wheat in the palm of our hand, and enjoyed the delightful flavour of the grain. The objection has been raised that the germ renders flour rancid if kept for long; on the other hand, leading millers not only deny this, but say that flour, with the germ, will keep longer than without it.

And now on the top of all this spoiling of our bread comes this latest craze of actually bleaching the flour with chemicals and electricity in order, if possible, to get it whiter than ever. But there is another object in so doing, which is to enable inferior wheat and inferior flour, by means of a trick, to appear to the eye as of the best quality.

A most remarkable bakery exists in London which is well worthy of a visit, as it is an entirely new departure in the science of bread-making, and attention was called to it in *THE TIMES* on the 26th of last August. Wheat is brought in at one end of the building, and, after being cleaned, is ground into flour, the bran only being abstracted. The flour passes on into other

machinery and is made into dough, which is then formed into various shapes and baked into bread. The loaves are elevated by an endless belt and delivered on to the counter of the baker's shop. According to the aforesaid letter, the yield of bread-making material by this particular process is fifteen per cent. greater than by the roller system, or an increase of twenty-one loaves of four pounds each in the quantity of bread made from a quarter of wheat. In addition to this, English wheat is used in preference to foreign ; the germ is retained, and the price of the bread is lower than ordinary bread. During the whole of this process it is hardly touched by hand, and the result is as stated above, that it can be sold at a lower price than the tasteless white bread of the ordinary baker, which, in consequence of the numerous siftings and fining down of the flour, is necessarily more expensive.

In conclusion, let us sum up the results of our investigation in this simple decision, that each one of us will do all in our power to combat the deterioration of our bread, and bring it back to what it was intended to be,—the Staff of Life.

Let us all, especially the working-classes, the domestic servants, the shop-keepers, and the workers in our factories, refuse to purchase this white bread ; and, before purchasing at all, obtain the assurance that the bread and flour do really contain the germ, the nourishing and the most palatable portion of the wheat.

The old-fashioned flour, sometimes known as households or seconds, can still be obtained from certain mills, and, in consequence of public attention having been called to the subject, the demand is increasing. The flour-mills at Kingston-on-Thames, Dorking, Ewell, Wrexham, and some other places are still producing the proper stuff.

Finally let us recall to mind what Charles Wagner says in his interesting book *THE SIMPLE LIFE* concerning bread and wheat-fields :

By the bread that Christ broke one evening in sign of redeeming sacrifice and everlasting communion, we can say that wheat entered into its apotheosis. Nothing that concerns it is indifferent to us. What poetry in its sowing ! in the black furrows, to which laborious hands are confiding the bread of the morrow . . . From the day that it comes out of the earth to the last rays of the October sun, throughout the long sleep of winter, the awakening in the spring, to the harvest in August, our anxious

attention follows the evolution of the tender green blade, destined to become the nourishment of men. In time it is a swelling sea of green, constellated with poppies and the blue cornflower. . . . In July the fields look like gold, and when the wind blows the stalks together we seem already to hear the grain running in the bushel measures. The bread sings in it in fine weather; but if the horizon darkens a shiver runs through the stalks, as in the heart of the peasant. . . . At last is the harvest, the barn, the threshers, then comes the grinding in the mill, and the kneading by bakers or housewives. The bread is on the table. Before eating it, think that it is the fruit of the labour of men, and of the Son of God. Take it in gratitude and fraternal love. Do not suffer a crumb of it to be lost. Break it willingly with those who have none. As the wind blows, as the fountain flows, as the morning brightens, so wheat grows, for all.

Much of this pretty picture unfortunately does not apply to our own land. Go through France in August, and every field and every plot of ground has its bright patch of golden corn, and the whole population are busy, men, women, and children, from early morn into the darkness of evening, gathering in the sheaves. Even at night, when the harvest moon is up, the horses and wagons can be seen, outlined against a deep indigo sky, still carrying in the lovely harvest of that country.

But cross the Channel and travel through Kent and Sussex, at one time the best wheat-land in Great Britain, and how changed is the picture! Hardly any wheat is to be seen, and what is even worse, but little employment for the men; the agricultural labourer is rapidly diminishing in numbers, and the fields yield little labour for women or children. Are we wise in thus allowing the greatest industry of our country to die out on the plea of cheap food? To save a small amount upon each loaf by importing grain from abroad, the nation sacrifices an enormous item of labour for the people, and places the country, as shown by the report recently issued by the Commission on Supply of Food in Time of War, within measurable distance of famine-priced articles of food in the event of conflict breaking out between Great Britain and some other great Power.

FRANCIS FOX.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A SOCIAL REFORMER

EVEN those who cannot feel the charm and truth of Matthew Arnold's poetry and criticism, are willing enough for the most part to admit that his work, both as a critic and as a poet, possesses elements of greatness, qualities which make for a permanence of interest, at least among those whose love of literature is at all sincere. But this is hardly the case with his social writings. Those who disagree with him in social matters, will hardly acknowledge any virtue in him beyond a certain irritating gift for mockery; his teaching is said to be radically vitiated by failure of enthusiasm, by failure of consistency, by failure of precision. His faults are distorted so as to make his truths seem very like falsehoods. Far more, therefore, than any other division of his works (except perhaps his most unfortunate religious lucubrations) Arnold's social writings demand careful thought, if any adequate judgment is to be formed on them.

This is not only required by the very nature of the subject, the well-worn commonplaces concerning the blindness of human passions remaining as true in the political world as they ever were; but the requirement is greatly enhanced by Arnold's treatment of his subject. In dealing popularly with popular themes there is needed the greatest simplicity of thought as well as the greatest simplicity of language; but his attitude is frequently by no means simple, however perspicuous his language may seem, and we cannot be surprised at the frequent misconceptions of his aims. It is not at all unnatural that he should have been called "a kid-gloved apostle of Culture," for he thought it more important to attack the cause of social disease than its symptoms, and could not consider institutions, even those to which people were deeply attached, as good except in regard to their spiritual effects on those who lived under them. His patriotism, also, was

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suspected. At heart of course he was sincerely, profoundly patriotic. There is no passage in his poetry better known, or more frequently quoted, than those noble lines which he applied so aptly to the Spirit of England :

Yes, we arraign her ; but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal ;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantéan, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

The author of these lines was accused of preferring any country to his own. In truth, the popular mind cannot perceive the finer shades, and is apt to regard even the friendliest critic as an enemy. And perhaps, in being surprised at the misconceptions he met with, Arnold showed that he did not quite comprehend his own limitations.

His method is indeed peculiarly liable to misconstruction, especially when it is applied to social questions such as involve deep-seated animosities and all the jealousy of class and class. When we are told that a certain institution, certain measures, or certain qualities are good and desirable, we are very apt to suppose that these are meant to be universal statements, and are true wherever their object may occur. But Matthew Arnold rarely intends to convey that meaning. Every one of his judgments is relative. He constantly draws the philosophic distinction between absolute truths, which hold good for all times and places, and particular truths, which hold good only for a certain time and place. Perhaps had his philosophic training been a little more complete, he would have realised that this is not a distinction which commends itself to the popular mind ; and his failure to mark this distinction with sufficient clearness has been responsible for the greater number of misconceptions which have arisen concerning his social aims and theories.

Speaking generally, we may say that wherever Arnold writes of political or social matters, he neglects absolute truth. He makes no endeavour to formulate it ; perhaps he would have denied the possibility of formulating it. He always restricts his view to a

single case. He notes what is lacking, and endeavours to persuade us to supply the need. Criticising England, he deplors the weakness of State-action among us; had he been a Frenchman, he would most certainly have denounced the evils of State-interference. The casual reader is perplexed to find him now praising, now condemning the same thing. It appears inconsistent; yet in truth there is no real inconsistency, for in the first case his words apply only to the position and duties of the State in England, and in the second they would apply only to the position and duties of the State in France, the great differences between English and French society producing a corresponding difference in the necessary functions of the State in either country.

It was Arnold's object, then, to preserve in all things a just medium. Wherever he found one quality too predominant, he criticised the effects of its predominance. He was, in fact, a Trimmer, an eclectic in the political world, who endeavoured to put into practice what Ruskin so happily called, and so unhappily neglected to practise, "the true eclecticism which is moderation."

Thus, not unnaturally, he found himself a little out of harmony with every political party, and was compelled to style himself, "A Liberal of the future rather than a Liberal of the present." Belonging to no party, he was abused by the fanatics of all, and, as I have pointed out, his method lent itself to misrepresentation. Hating all predominance of single elements, he was accused of attacking every element. Going deeper than the average politician can generally go, he was accused of vagueness, impracticalness, generality. Without in the least wishing to claim him as the unique exponent of a pure political gospel,—this is not the day of enthusiasms—I think it will not be difficult to show that these estimates are based upon a false idea of his aim and method; and that his social writings have not been fruitless, nor yet altogether lacking in clearness of vision.

What we must not seek in him is any political system. He has none, nor did he make any attempt to construct one. Whenever he recommended any line of policy, its application was confined within the narrow conditions of existing circumstances. His nearest approach to any such system is perhaps to be found in *CULTURE AND ANARCHY*, which, it will be remembered, contains the famous analysis of English society into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. This, it has been said truly enough, is no true analysis, but a mere giving of nick-names; but to treat it

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too seriously is surely to mistake his half-irony of elaboration for the dull pedantry which he was ever disposed to mock at. Arnold is not really concerned to analyse English society ; his object really is to cover with ridicule that portion of it which he regarded unfavourably. Those who have the time and the means to take an intelligent interest in serious affairs and do not, those who "know how to make money, but do not know how to live when they have made it,"—the practical elimination of such people is his real object. The actual structure of society is, from his point of view, a matter of secondary importance. His theory was that the perfect society will know how to organise itself perfectly, and that until society is perfected, no perfect organisation can be expected. In this he was at least far more right than wrong. The working of the most admirable institutions may be vitiated by the baseness or the vulgarity of the people ; and the evils of the worst system of government may be wonderfully compensated by national virtue. Arnold perhaps neglected the reactive influence of institutions, but almost any contempt is deserved by those who regard political institutions as the beginning and end of a nation's life. He turned with some impatience from discussions of reform in the political world to deal with questions of greater importance, deeming it more profitable to endeavour at the improvement of society through the reform of the individual than to tinker at institutions, whatever popular success might be attached to it.

This was the meaning of that warning which he addressed to his countrymen : "You peck at the mere outside of problems ; you have not got your mind at work upon them" ; and hence sprang all those attacks upon machinery which abound in *CULTURE AND ANARCHY*, reminding us of a comparatively mild and well-mannered Carlyle. Statesmen, Arnold thought, "took an incomplete view of the life of the community and its needs" ; they permitted, and even encouraged, people to think that they were sensibly advancing civilisation if they supported measures which gave more political liberty, or which secured a greater degree of publicity in the discussion of public affairs. Such things may be desirable ; sometimes they are, sometimes they are not ; each case must be decided on its merits. So he writes :

Objects which Liberal statesmen pursue now, and which are not in themselves ends of civilisation, they may possibly have to pursue still, but let them pursue them in a different spirit. . . . Every one of these objects

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may be attained, and it may even be necessary to attain them, and yet, after they are attained, the imperfections of our civilisation will stand just as they did before, and the real work of Liberal statesmen will have yet to begin.

Machinery, the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill and all the rest, should be judged purely according to its spiritual influence. Will such and such regulations tend to educe a man's best self, or will they but foster the natural love of darkness and self-content? Is it for a man's spiritual welfare that he should be given absolute liberty to marry whom he pleases? Is it a matter of indifference that a liberal education should be within the reach of the middle classes? Is it an ill thing that the newspapers should publish detailed reports of divorce-suits? Such questions as these form the true criteria by which to determine ourselves to give or withhold our support of any particular measure. We must avoid being beguiled by any alluring bait in the form of general principles, such as the universal advantage of liberty or the universal advantage of publicity; and by such questions we must test each case as it arises.

But if this be so, our political action will be directed by our notions of good and evil; and it is of the highest political importance that we should possess a correct ethical ideal. "If you have not got these virtues," he wrote, "and imagine that your political liberty will pull you through without them, you will be ruined, in spite of your political liberty." Montesquieu once said: "The Greek political writers who lived amid popular government recognised no force capable of sustaining it except that of virtue. The latter-day writers only talk to us about manufactures, commerce, finance, wealth, and even luxury." As, then, we should expect, we must consider Arnold as following, along with Carlyle and Ruskin, in the tracks of the Greeks, rather than in those of modern schools of politics.

It is of course a very ancient truism that a just morality is the basis of all healthy social life. But the true ethical ideal can only be conceived by the man of well-balanced, well-developed mind; the true morality can therefore only be fitly conceived of, and indeed practised, by a mind whose aims are other than purely moral. To a lofty conception of conduct must be added the love of beauty, the love of knowledge, the love of social life; for we can agree to take as our ideal neither the hermit's, because we believe that man may find a higher life in society than

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in the desert ; nor the ideal of the ignorant and uninstructed, because the intellect and its products are the most truly characteristic of man's power and works ; nor the ideal of the Philistine, because civilisation, that quality which separates us from the savage, lies so greatly in the educated sense of beauty in all its possible forms. It is essential that all these should be in mutual subordination : our sense of beauty and good manners must not lead us into unworthy actions ; and our sense of right, also, must be so subtly tempered as never to produce unlovely deeds.

The suggestion of this ideal was the aim of every one of Matthew Arnold's prose writings, and to foster this was the object which he sought with all the enthusiasm of which he was capable. But to inspire an alien mind with love of such an ideal is perhaps one of the hardest tasks. The mind which spontaneously seeks the "perfect balance" is naturally averse to any enthusiasm ; and without enthusiasm ourselves, how shall we inspire others ?

But however this may be, such was the ideal which Matthew Arnold strove all his life to establish in the hearts of his countrymen. Let us glance at the means which he took to accomplish this end and to overcome the principal difficulty in getting his ideas accepted ; and if we consider the matter calmly and without prejudice, we shall, I think, be struck with the singularly practical character of his efforts, which, so far from being vague or visionary, were all concrete and definite enough.

The least concrete and definite are of course his counsels of moderation in all things. To offer an ideal to men, and to persuade them to seek it, may no doubt be considered as a very indirect means of treating social and political problems. Yet if the writer be sincere and effectual, we must hesitate before we declare it to be the least fruitful. Even if we admit the writer to be the necessary product of antecedent circumstances, the mere result of the forces of heredity and environment, he still may have a deep reactive influence on the men of his generation. The man may be powerless unless the circumstances of his time should offer an occasion, but it will always lie with him to improve the occasion. Rousseau needed, no doubt, the especial circumstances of the eighteenth century to procure the occasion for preaching his gospel of universal equality ; but Rousseau

was himself needed to preach that gospel to such effect. It is the same with Arnold's efforts to correct our angularity, to induce us to take a broader view of problems,—they were not universally successful. He did not find us a nation of Philistines and leave us a nation of Solons and Lycurguses ; but he did tend very strongly to modify public opinion in a healthy direction, without in the least awakening any enthusiasm dangerous to the due pursuit of his ideal. If we are not quite so distressingly Philistine as we were, the change is, in part at least, owing to him and to his criticisms of us.

One method, then, was the inculcation of the spirit of moderation which we find scattered up and down his writings, urged sometimes with irony and sometimes with direct insistence. But to preach is useless unless our audience is wakeful. What if it be drowsy and disinclined to listen? Then our most biting irony and most convincing argument must be wasted unless somehow people can be awakened. The people, Arnold reasoned, are very drowsy ; they must be taught to take an interest in these things which belong unto their peace ; they must first be educated to it. Here his work was profoundly and evidently fruitful ; and the future system of public education, to which we are doubtfully groping our way through the present chaotic condition of affairs, will be seen to have sprung from the interest which he did so much to create.

The working classes were, and are still, in a most deplorable intellectual condition ; the mass of the middle classes were, and are still, though to a less degree, in the same plight. What was and is supremely needed is a greater equality of intellectual conditions ; but we must see to it that the equality shall be on a high, not a low level.

It is one of Arnold's great merits that he was among the first to see this clearly and to state it persuasively. He writes thus of primary education :

So many other influences tell upon these [the upper and middle] classes that the influence of a public education has not the same relative importance in their case as in that of the common people, on whom it is the only great civilising agency directly at work—[but he is also convinced] that nothing can be done effectively to raise this class except through the agency of a transformed middle-class.

Accordingly it is to secondary education that he devotes much of his time and thought.

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I think I am gradually making an impression about public secondary schools [he wrote in 1879]. This reform interests me as the first practicable of those great democratic reforms to which we must, I believe, one day come. And they call me a bad Liberal, or no Liberal at all!

Education alone could awaken the middle classes to a sense of their narrowness and vulgarity, and initiate them to a wider, less unlovely life.

Public schools for the middle classes [he writes elsewhere] are not a panacea for all our ills. No, but they are the indispensable preliminary to our real improvement on almost all the lines where as a nation we now move with embarrassment.

The middle class education of the day was undeniably evil. Even so unprejudiced a witness as Mill speaks of "the disgracefully low existing state of education" among the middle class. At more than one country grammar-school, where the appointment of a master was for life and he received a fixed stipend, pupils were deliberately driven away, in order that he might advance his post to the rank of a sinecure. What instruction there was, was neither liberal nor enlightened, and too often, as Arnold delighted to remind his readers, resembled that of Mr. Creakle at Salem House. To us it seems almost impossible that this should be anything but a caricature of an exceptional case. Caricature it was, of course, but unhappily the case seems to have been the rule rather than the exception among the private schools at which the lower middle class was universally educated. To Arnold, bent upon the reformation of the Philistine, the needful course of action was obvious. These breeding-dens of Bottles and Company must be destroyed. As to the improvement of the public mind of England, "For my part," he writes, "I see no way so promising of setting about it as the abolishment of Mr. Creakle and Salem House."

But it is evident that if you take away one method of education, you must replace it by another. At the time when Arnold's mind was deeply concerned with the problem, he was sent on a commission to report on French educational systems. There he found just what he wanted. As in England, the richer classes had their especial schools, expensive and highly organised, where of course the instruction was as excellent as the enlightenment of the day could make it. But what struck Arnold as so highly admirable and worthy of imitation was the existence of

large secondary schools, where the instruction was as liberal and enlightened as in the private schools existing for the wealthy, but at a cost not greater than any section of the middle class could well meet. The result has been that in France there is no upper class of culture, but only one of luxury. The Frenchman of the middle meets the Frenchman of the upper class with no necessary sense of inferiority in culture. They are brought up, as Arnold well observed, on the same intellectual plane. In England they were not so brought up. Whatever we may think about the present state of affairs, in Arnold's day the middle-class Englishman had but the narrowest outlook upon the things of the mind. He had no culture; and, in meeting with the cultured, he was therefore in a conscious and debasing position of inferiority.

This, then, was Arnold's substitute for the evil system of the English private school. It should be provided with a rival which would either exterminate it, or compel it to reform itself. This rival was to be found in the State secondary school, where the instruction could be equal to that of the best English public schools, and given by men well qualified to teach, but at an expense which should not be prohibitive. Such a school could only be provided by the State. The independent system of popular enterprise and British energy, unchecked and unstimulated by possible rivals, had been tried and had ended in Mr. Creakle. The good sense of the people had not proved equal to the test of choosing between a cheap worthless substitute for education, and the real though more expensive thing. The reason was obvious; they were not, and in the circumstances could not be, adequate judges in educational matters. But if the State should establish model schools, where the teaching was to be as efficient as possible, where the education was to be real and not a sham, but where the expense was to be no greater than it had been at Mr. Creakle's,—as indeed was possible so long as mere commercial success was not the sole aim of the establishment—then the good sense of the country might reasonably be expected to show itself by perceiving the advantage of the one and the evil of the other.

In this matter, then, the intervention of the State was undeniably salutary; and in other matters also governmental restraint seemed to Arnold needful for the national welfare. The working classes, he thought, were losing all respect for law; the

other classes seemed without sufficient energy to uphold the authority of order. There were unchecked disorders and unpunished riots. We seemed to be making "doing as we like" our ideal, a most noxious ideal. According to him, the spirit of individualism was far too predominant. Here he marked the beginning of the reaction against the individualism of Mill and the *laissez-aller* school. Mill, it will be remembered, regarded democracy as dangerous to liberty; Arnold, on the other hand, regarded over-much liberty as dangerous to democracy.

The difficulty for democracy [he wrote] is to find and keep high ideals. The individuals who compose it are, the bulk of them, persons who need to follow an ideal, not to set one; and one ideal of greatness, high feeling, and fine culture, which an aristocracy once supplied to them, they lose by the very fact of ceasing to be a lower order and becoming a democracy.

Later opinion has followed Arnold rather than Mill. Everywhere we see a strongly marked tendency making for more complete control of the people by the delegates of the State. In Parliament the Executive is escaping from the control of the Legislature; in commerce everything is being made the object of governmental regulation. But Arnold was probably justified in regarding any danger from this direction as remote. As he wrote to a Frenchman, M. Fontanes, in 1878:

I suppose your thoughts, in France, must turn a good deal upon the over-meddling of the State, and upon the need of developing more the action of individuals. With us the danger has, I am convinced, been the other way. The State has not enough shown a spirit of initiative, and individuals have too much thought that it sufficed if they acted with entire liberty, and if nobody had any business to control them. . . . Therefore I have always wished to make the State the organ of the best self and highest reason of the community, rather than reduce the State to insignificance, and to cultivate, in fact, the American ideal.

But, it may be asked, is there not some inconsistency here? Did not Matthew Arnold write, "Faith in machinery is our besetting danger"? And is he not now falling into that danger and preaching our salvation by this very machinery? The objection is scarcely fair. What Arnold made war on was a blind faith in machinery; what he recommended was the use of machinery to produce a beneficent spiritual result.

Our dangers [he had well written] are from a surfeit of clap-trap, due to the false notion that liberty and publicity are not only valuable for the use to be made of them, but are goods in themselves, nay, are the *summum bonum*.

Such were the means that Arnold took to bring his ideal home to the English people,—directly, by satirising their deficiencies, indirectly, by persuading them to the use of a machinery which would help to correct their deficiencies. And his aim was the improvement of English civilisation, “to make civilisation pervasive and general.” Our great fault was, as he noted very justly, our incompleteness.

They have all a certain refinement [he had written of the Italians] which they call civilisation, but a nation is really civilised by acquiring the qualities it by nature is wanting in ; and the Italians are no more civilised by virtue of their refinement alone than we are civilised by virtue of our energy alone.

Accordingly, he was constantly holding up foreign nations, such as the French and the Prussians, as models for our imitation, not because he admired them more, but because there was no danger of our falling into their especial faults, while we might learn to imitate their especial virtues, and so complete our own. He did not wish us to be “the café-haunting, dominoes-playing Frenchman,” but rather some third thing, neither the Frenchmen nor our present selves. He could truly write of himself :

That England may run well in the race is my deepest desire ; and to stimulate her, and to make her feel how many clogs she wears and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do.

These were, I think, the chief ideas and the essential motives which underlay the social writings of Matthew Arnold. It remains to enquire what may be their value, and what may be Arnold's position as a writer on social topics. In the first place, that value evidently is not scientific ; it does not depend upon the amount of demonstrated truth contained in these writings. They will never, perhaps, be studied by the political philosopher, at least as contributions to political science. But no one will deny that they had an immediate, positive effect ; it is shown by the evident modification of public opinion in the direction of the really essential part of his teaching. They must then always have a historical value, as significant of the evolution of social thought.

They have also in a high degree the virtue of form. We must make deductions for irritating tricks and repetitions ; and undoubtedly we may read him until we get very tired of his constant references to the “dissidence of dissent” and “the

deceased wife's sister." But when all such allowances have been made, a large residue still remains, and, just as the Homeric lectures offer a singularly felicitous example of literary criticism, so also *FRIENDSHIP'S GARLAND* is a delightful model of political satire; such essays as *DEMOCRACY OR EQUALITY*, equally luminous and moderate, are models of good style and urbanity. Models like these are never otiose in the political world.

His actual position is a little complex. He had, as we have seen, no system of political thought; but this is little to his discredit. Burke had none either; and Arnold, as well as he, had, in Mr. Morley's words, no love of "the unreal necessities of mere abstract logic." The Apostle of Culture could not away with the stringent schemes deduced from the hypothesis of the natural rights of man, saying roundly, "I do not believe in any natural rights; I do not believe in a natural right, in each of a man's children, to his or her equal share in the father's property," and so forth. Nor was the individualistic system any more to his taste. We have seen how he regarded an overgrown individualism as one of the most evil features of English society. If we would place him, it must not be among the system-mongers, almost blessed in a "philosophy with principles derivative, subordinate and explanatory," which one of Arnold's critics derided him, not too happily, with failing to supply. Nor was he any apologist for the existent. But he approached life and its problems from the standpoint of the ideal; his interest was not scientific, to explain, but practical and moral, to attract life nearer to that ideal. As a social thinker, then, he must be placed with Carlyle and Ruskin. But how great a distance separates him from them, a distance produced by different talents, different ideals, different conceptions of the state and needs of England!

This last is not a little remarkable. Carlyle and Ruskin regarded the English as given over to all manner of abominations. Arnold's criticism was, that we were too exclusively moral, that we "Hebraised" too much. One can hardly compare the genius of Carlyle and Ruskin with (what cannot be called more than) the talent of Arnold; but here perhaps the practical superiority of talent over genius best shows itself. Matthew Arnold had nothing of the tragic magnificence of sentiment which characterised the great Victorian prophets, but his virtues were commonplace and effective. His work offers us nothing of the glorious and passionate failing to accomplish the impossible; but

if he had not the divine enthusiasm of Carlyle, perhaps he could see more clearly what was immediately before his eyes ; if he had not the gift of rhetoric which so often wrapt Ruskin away into the unknown heights of the empyrean, yet both in the remedies which he proposed and his mode of getting them accepted, he was vastly more successful.

Indeed Carlyle and Ruskin lost influence from the very loftiness of their spirits. Their dreams of a regenerated England suffered from being impractical, and became ineffectual. They were sometimes blinded by their enthusiasm, and so were betrayed into evident exaggeration and mere assertion, denying and affirming absolutely, with something of a child's pertinacity and recklessness. Their power suffered from it, and their teaching tended thereby to become ineffectual and discredited. Perhaps they may be repaid by influence when other names have been forgotten ; perhaps lesser men have of necessity to confine themselves to more worldly and more impeccable sentiments if they would exercise any influence at all, even on their contemporaries ; but however that may be, is one not right in thinking that Matthew Arnold was more effectual than they ? For one thing, his ideal was definite, precise, comprehensible. We can understand it, and strive to reach it with no too violent contest to carry on against our ordinary worldly duties. Thus we are influenced by him, and owe him sincere gratitude for his teaching and example every time that we attempt to judge of social matters with a disinterested mind, neglecting the narrowness of class. A future generation also will owe him gratitude when it shall have profited to the full by our errors and efforts in the education of our people.

I do not profess to be a politician [he wrote of himself], but simply one of a class of disinterested observers, who, with no organised and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilisation.

Perhaps on the whole we may take his own words as our final judgment. When we have allowed for the disturbing influences of his prejudices, he remains, we feel, a studiously trustworthy guide, who disguises his desire to revolutionise us under the less alarming cloak of completing us ; in social matters, a little limited, perhaps, but within those limits eminently wise and profitable.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

HAS THE BRITISH SOLDIER DETERIORATED?

THE war between Russia and Japan has opened the eyes of the blind. We have learned that war is still war, that we cannot win victories if we will not fight, and that those who fight must be prepared to accept their share of losses. A man indeed proves himself a good general if he fully attains his object at the least possible sacrifice of the lives of his own men; but no object is well chosen unless the attainment of it entails for the enemy the utmost loss that the available means permit to be inflicted upon him. Consequently, it is a mark, and a very clear one too, of a bad general to fail to hit his hardest at the enemy out of any squeamish regard for the lives of the officers and men under his own orders. Some British generals are highly thought of upon account of the dauntless courage with which they have continually exposed their own persons in the foreground of the fight; but a general's proper place is where he can best direct the operations in progress, and in order to do this he must be where he can see, at one and the same moment, the manœuvres of his own troops and also of the enemy's. In the firing-line a commander cannot see his own men without interrupting his observation of their opponents, and thus risking a failure to detect some very important movement. No exhibition of personal prowess in the fight itself can compensate for failure as an organiser of victory. To be cool, calculating, and utterly impervious at the time to any feelings of compassion for friends or foes, are essential qualifications for command in the field. As in an army the moral is to the physical as three to one, so in the general commanding, moral courage is the essential element and physical courage merely a desirable accessory. Personal courage fell short of real heroism in the cases of perhaps 05 per cent. of the officers of all ranks and corps who led troops under fire in South Africa; but moral cowardice, evinced by failure to attempt, or to carry through to

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the bitter end, the utmost that might appear to be feasible, can be discerned in the proceedings of probably 80 per cent. of the seniors and 10 per cent. of the juniors. Why was this? The explanation is perfectly simple. It had been decided by the "experts" inhabiting the purlieus of Fleet Street, or acting as war-correspondents at the front, that a bloody victory stamped a general as wanting in skill, and a bloody defeat as utterly incompetent. What the "experts" wrote in the newspapers the British public readily believed, with the result that many generals and others who were personally as brave soldiers as any that have fought anywhere in the world since its creation, were gradually reduced to being moral cowards. Malplaquet, Albuera, Badajoz, Waterloo, and Inkerman were forgotten, and the nation that had bred such soldiers in the past (and still had the like of them, though knowing it not), foolishly believed the vain ignorant creatures who proclaimed that omelettes can be made without breaking eggs.

Tactically, the Boer War began well. Penn Symons at Talana, and French at Elandslaagte, did not fear to engage their troops in straightforward fights by which the enemy was not merely manœuvred out of, but roughly hurled with loss from his positions; in both cases there was the proper co-operation of frontal and flank attacks,—both meaning business and doing it. The gallant and capable Methuen similarly fought at Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River, with the deliberate intention to chance receiving hurts in the hope of hurting the enemy more. Flank attacks he could not combine with the frontal, because the means were absent and the circumstances impossible. At Enslin, the undaunted Marines, pressing onward in spite of losses amounting to over 44 per cent., carried the kopje before them, thus proving once more that British soldiers will fight to-day as they have ever done, if only they are allowed. Lord Methuen became unpopular in Fleet Street, because he did not make war with the gloves on; other generals took fright lest they also might fall into disrepute, and henceforward our operations became, generally speaking, chicken-hearted. The chariness to risk lives displayed by the senior officers spread downwards, until the men themselves came to take for granted that they were not "meant." Captain Fournier, of the French General Staff, has pithily summed up the whole matter to this effect: "The reason why the British suffered defeats in the early stages of the war is that they made frontal

attacks unsupported by turning movements ; and the reason why, in the later stages, they obtained no decisive results, is that they made turning movements unsupported by frontal attacks." *Voilà tout!*—there is the entire explanation in a nutshell.

Our Army is now, as it was in 1899, very ill-trained, because it is not allowed to improve itself, but has to do the best it can on little more ground than was at its disposal when armed with Brown Bess. The incompetence of many of our generals results from the fact that they themselves have not in earlier days been trained by the only efficient process,—training their own men regimentally. But the fighting qualities of all ranks, from general to bugler, are as good as ever,—that is to say, as good as, if not better than those of the Japanese or of any others that the world has known. It was moral, not physical fear that brought about the too frequent failure of offensive and defensive operations in South Africa ; and for the disgraceful nature of many surrenders it is Fleet Street and the public, not the Army, that deserve to be blamed. The regimental officers and men are as good to-day as when "eighteen hundred unwounded men, the survivors of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill." But let us turn from the comparatively awful carnage of Albuera and the like, to an incident in South Africa.

On October 30th, 1901, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, the Boers surprised the camp of Colonel Kekewich's column at Moedwil, but were beaten off after a rough fight. A detached post in the picquet-line, furnished by H Company of the Derbyshire Regiment, consisted of twelve men under Sergeant Chambers. The Boers, being close up, called upon the party to surrender. Sergeant Chambers shouted back, "Go to hell!" and to his men he cried, "Stick it!" The words caught the men's fancy ; and as there fell one after another of the gallant little band, the call was repeated,—"*Stick it!*" When the post was eventually relieved, the enemy having been generally beaten back, there were found of those glorious thirteen but four survivors, of whom but one was unwounded. Can there be found in history a case of more splendid devotion ? For another example there may be mentioned what was known as the Light Infantry Funeral near Grobelaar's Kloof, February 21st, 1900, when the Somersetshire Light Infantry during five long hours held the position they had been ordered to occupy, and when

ordered to retire, their task accomplished, carried with them the whole of their ninety-seven killed and wounded, and, while still under shell-fire, buried their dead comrades in the extended order in which they had so often drilled, but had then for the first time fought in earnest. It was that battalion's first action in South Africa, and neither then nor afterwards did any officer or man, fighting in its ranks, fall dead or alive into the hands of the enemy. Many months later a small detachment of the same battalion was sorely tried on convoy duty (as others had been and were yet to be), but Quartermaster Moran, as *THE LONDON GAZETTE* tells us, "Fell in the cooks and invalids, attacked and drove off the enemy," a portion of whom were making for a position which in their hands would have been a source of danger. Needless is it to remind British readers of the heroism displayed by those devoted Irishmen at Pieters Hill, where the losses amounted practically to extermination; of the majestic, but costly, advance of the Gordons at Diamond Hill; of the dashing courage of the Welsh and Essex Regiments at Driefontein; or of the stern onslaught of the undismayed and invincible Devons at Waggon Hill. All these cases are familiar, and they are more pleasant to remember than certain other incidents commonly described as *regrettable*. Granting that moral cowardice or professional incompetence resulted in sundry disasters of which we have good reason to feel ashamed, let not the evidence in the opposite direction be ignored.

The British soldier, be he officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, is as courageous as ever; but the Army is no longer what it was in the days of Moore and Wellington,—the best trained army in the world. Ground that a hundred years ago sufficed for the battle-training of a brigade is now insufficient for a single company, and hence our falling-off. Mere courage cannot enable a man to accomplish that which he knows not how to set about. On the question of courage we need be under no anxiety; but if we would render ourselves capable of making war successfully, we should do well to train our Army and to control our Press. The first operation will not suffice without the second. Our daily newspapers are a greater danger than any foreign foe, however formidable, because the writers in them are usually indiscreet as well as ignorant.

A. W. A. POLLOCK,
Lt.-Colonel.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE EMPIRE

THE visit of the King and Queen to Harrow on the 30th of last June (the day appointed for the commemoration of his Majesty's birthday in the United Kingdom) has added a new link to the chain of associations that bind the hearts of Harrovians to the past, present, and future of their school. "We have rejoiced," declared the King, "in the continued prosperity of this ancient foundation, which has given, and no doubt will give many famous men to the service of the State." And, in good truth, as he stood there, supported by the gracious presence of Queen Alexandra, his eye must have rested on Harrovians who have rendered service in every department of the State. Lords and Commons, the Cabinet, the Admiralty and the Navy, the War Office and the Army, the Home Civil Service and the Foreign Office, India and the Colonies had sent representatives of a class and succession of men who had helped to lay the foundations of the Empire his Majesty had inherited, and who had in their turn largely built upon them. The oldest Harrovian in the room entered the school in 1825, and with brief interruption of continuity those present had passed on through the Victorian era, from term to term, from master to master, from boy to boy, the inspiring traditions of the place.

But I leave to others the picturesque and emotional episodes of the day. My desire is to consider by what practical methods Harrovians of the future may be taught to maintain the traditions of the school, and take their part in the development and the advance of the Empire.

Gibbon, in appreciating the general advantages of our public-school system in his day, as being best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people, observed that our seminaries of learning do not exactly correspond with the

precept of a Spartan king, that the child should be instructed in the arts that would be useful to the man, inasmuch as a finished scholar might emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. Half a century later, as I can testify, there had been no material change in the system.

The question naturally suggests itself how such a condition of things can have contributed famous men to the service of the State. To find a reply we must consider the origin of the system known as a classical education.

So far back as we can see through the dimness of antiquity which constitutes the horizon of political knowledge we find the history of the world to be a narrative of the birth and decay of empires ; and infinite ingenuity has been expended on the question whether their decay arises from causes that can be averted, and the operation of forces that can be modified, or whether their life is limited by inevitable cyclic laws analogous to those which control the life of the individual. But in the history of the past twice and twice only has a nation set itself the task of extending its civilisation beyond its own territorial limits to the discovered boundaries of the world, and to these nations we may limit our view. Those who have made a special study of the social condition of Greece, believe that the population of Athens, taken as a whole, was as superior to us as we are to Australian savages. In sculpture, in architecture, in poetry and philosophy Greece reached a summit of perfection which no community has since attained. Over the coasts of the Mediterranean, to the limits of her world, she carried her civilisation until she learnt and taught the lesson that arts and letters are the ornament and crown rather than the stable foundation of empire. This was well understood by Rome, when as a conquering and ruling power she took up the work of diffusing Greek civilisation through the world that fell under her dominion. The foundation of the Roman Empire was laid in militarism carried to its logical conclusion,—every citizen a soldier. On this foundation rested a civil government elaborated to put into practice, in justice and administration, the ideals of Greek political philosophy. The arts and letters of Greece became the crown of the edifice.

It does not fall within my purpose to discuss the causes of the

decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but in considering the relations of these events to the empire of Britain we must not overlook the adoption of Christianity as a main contributory cause. The learning of Rome and the genius of Greece failed to find an agency of conciliation between militarism and the growth of the principles of Christianity. But Rome did not fall before she had so firmly established her language, her laws, and the religion of her adoption, that they became an integral part of the succession which devolved to her heirs,—the segregated States of Europe that formed the units of medieval Imperialism. As the languages and dialects of these States had no vocabulary to express the ideas of the laws, learning, and religion of Rome, the Latin language remained the language of the educated and the governing classes in the medieval States, in each of which there came to establish itself a university or corporation of learning. To these universities there flocked from every part of Europe students prepared to undergo hardships which would now be regarded as intolerable in order that they might sit at the feet of some great master. It followed that Latin became the vehicle of communication between scholars and of the transmission of learning, more especially in respect of the study of Greek poetry and philosophy in their original tongue.

Thus it was that in the universities of England Latin became a necessity, and Greek something more than a luxury of learning ; and as it has ever been the tendency of English public-schools to prepare boys rather for the universities than for the world, there came to be established the system recognised as a classical education.

But during the nineteenth century the use of the Latin language was gradually displaced by the development of the chief national languages of Europe, in such a way as to make them adequate vehicles not only for the old learning, but also for the expression of every conception of human thought in that new domain of learning which we generalise under the designation of science. Latin therefore ceased to be the medium of communication in the learned world, and the vulgar tongue became the key of popular knowledge and the instrument of religious, political, and social liberty.

In considering the question of the adequacy of a classical education in the old public-school system of England we must remember that the great public-schools, and in particular Eton

and Harrow, have for generations been the schools of the governing class. And it is not easy even for those who had experience of it to realise how complete was the severance, during the early Victorian era, between the governing class and the classes whose industry supplied the material needs of mankind. The former devoted itself to the establishment and working of a political system, to the protection of life and property, the adjustment of personal rights, and the promotion of religion. The domain of its operations included Parliament, the Navy and the Army, the administrative departments of Government (including the Home and Foreign Offices, the Indian and Colonial services) the Administration of Justice in all its branches, and the Church; and the control of this domain of human activity carried with it a practically exclusive privilege and monopoly of patronage in the appointment of every office of State and Church. The education of the families of the governing class with a view to their qualification to hold these appointments was the foundation of the old public-school system, and its range of exercise was naturally limited to the studies and training held to be appropriate to the purpose.

Within the last fifty years, however, economic causes have completely changed the structure of society, displaced the old governing class, which in England as on the Continent was the landed gentry, and profoundly modified the relations of social life. All these changes may be traced to the operation of the now established faith that, the principles of law and order having been once accepted, national prosperity depends mainly on the development of national resources, and to the consequent transfer of wealth and power from the governing class to the classes by whose industry the economic necessities of mankind are supplied. The effect of these transmutations on the public-schools has been great, and among all the material and social changes of the period none perhaps has been more powerful than the abolition of patronage, and the extended use of the instrument of competitive examinations for admission into the service of the State. While only an insignificant fraction of public-school boys can now look forward to appointments in the public service, the professions are overcrowded, and probably not ten per cent. of the boys who still proceed as of old to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge can hope to earn a living by their degrees.

The Bishop of Rochester has recently declared that one of the

saddest things to be seen in Australia is the number of well-educated men, sons of the clergy and of professional men, not a few of them of high birth and connection, in a state of destitution. And this is not necessarily due to any moral failure, but because their education has never taught them to look the realities of life in the face, to think out what they are going to do, to feel the necessity of fitting themselves for the work of the world. In almost every part of our Empire public-school boys and university men may be found in the same perilous condition. And yet, if it were only realised, the Empire has for every one of them a useful, appropriate, and honourable place. Think only what it is, this Empire of ours, and what it needs. It has an area of approximately eleven and a half millions of square miles, over one fifth of the surface of the globe, including every climate of the temperate and tropical zones, productive of every article of food and material for manufacture that can contribute to the happiness of mankind, and inhabited by an infinite variety of races adapted to their environment by the process of ages. Its needs are, in the temperate zones more people, and everywhere more capital and intelligence to develop its resources. Canada alone has an area thirty times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of about one-sixth and with millions of untilled acres calling for labour, while Australia and other self-governing colonies are in the same position. The vast area of our tropical possessions has unlimited resources in food and raw material, upon the development of which the fortunes and fate of the Empire largely depend. As regards the government of this Empire we have now passed from the Roman conception of an outwardly composed unity of government and religion to the conception of an inner unity compatible with outward variations in government, religion, social institutions, and manners. We make no attempt to impose upon races social institutions or creeds to which they are by their nature, history, and inherited pride in the traditions of their past hostile or invincibly opposed. The unity we aim at is a unity of interests in the interaction between humanity and its environment, or in other words, in the development of national resources by units of the Empire in accordance with methods appropriate to their environment, and free interchange of their products. During the nineteenth century the transformations effected by science in the surroundings of the physical life of every unit of the Empire

have introduced a factor of social consolidation by mutual interests which renders worthless all theories upon the duration of the British Empire by analogies drawn from the duration of others.

The successful development of the resources of any part of the Empire depends on an accurate knowledge of the phenomena of the environment and of the laws of Nature controlling them; and the development of the faculty of acquiring this knowledge we call a scientific education, embracing research and the application of the results of research to the uses of humanity. It is an urgent problem of the day, how to combine with the social and other advantages of the public-school system an adequate measure of scientific education. Sir Richard Jebb, as President of the Educational Science Section of the British Association, discussed recently the relative claims of literature and science on the higher education in South Africa, and the educational needs of South Africa are in principle the same as the needs of the Empire generally. I could not, however, help thinking that, whatever may have been the interest of this academic discourse and the charm of its style, the most instructive object-lesson on the imperial importance of scientific education ever exhibited to the world was the inauguration a few days later of the Victoria Falls bridge of the Cape to Cairo railway.

If we accept the doctrine that the true foundation of imperial policy is the association of the component parts of the Empire in the development of their natural resources, and the mutually profitable exchange of products between regions and peoples of different capacities, we shall easily realise that the conditions essential to the success of such a policy offer a field for the employment of men educated in every branch of applied science. The wants of the Empire in the domain of scientific education, and the problem of linking English with Colonial education, have been very fully discussed during the last two years, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the Allied Colonial Universities Conference held at Burlington House in July, 1903, the object of the Conference being to establish relations between the principal teaching universities of the Empire which will secure that special or local advantages for study and research be made accessible to students from all parts of the King's dominions. Mr. Bryce struck the key-note of the Conference in dwelling on the importance of developing the

practical applications of physical science, and on the need of nations to keep abreast with others in their productive capacity. He urged, therefore, that it is equally vital for the United Kingdom and for the Colonies that we should lay a scientific foundation for every branch of industry, and that every practical art should be rooted in scientific enquiry, in theory, and in research. It is certain that to a practical recognition of the truth of this doctrine is due the rapid advance of the United States of America, of Germany, and, perhaps above all, of Japan, in the spheres of administration, industry, and social progress. The out-standing fact made clear at the Conference is that the self-governing Colonies have established universities of various faculties, but devoting special attention to the application of science to agriculture, to forestry or mineralogy, to engineering or other branches of study bearing on the development of the local resources of the Colonial territory in which the university has been established. It is believed that the encouragement thus given to special branches of study will strengthen particular faculties in such a way as to attract students as students were attracted in the Middle Ages from Oxford to Paris, from Paris to Bologna or Padua or elsewhere by the fame of some great master of a special branch of the learning of the age. The result of the Conference was the appointment of a Council of representatives of British and Colonial universities to promote the co-ordination of higher studies throughout the Empire, the specialisation of study, the establishment, at different points, of centres of special advantage in particular branches of research available for students in every part of the Empire. In the course of the Conference the Principal of the University of Birmingham declared that, while in the highest university education we can hold our own, public-school education is in a very bad way, and that the appalling ignorance of the man in the street on any scientific matter is discreditable to this country. It concerns us, therefore, to consider how our public-schools may be made ancillary to the scheme contemplated by the Conference, and so find an appropriate place in the Imperial system.

An interesting and certainly important, if somewhat discordant, episode of the Conference was the speech of the Prime Minister at the dinner given to the delegates. While expressing himself dissatisfied with the classical ideal of secondary education, he asserted his belief that science would never be

found a good medium for conveying education to boys, "who do not care a farthing about the world they live in except so far as it is concerned with the cricket-ground, or the football-field, or the river." And going further, he declared that he had never been able to see how we are to ensure a supply of teachers who have time to keep themselves abreast with the ever-changing aspects of modern science, and do the most important work an English schoolmaster has to do in influencing a house, and impressing moral and intellectual characteristics on those committed to his charge. It was natural that Lord Kelvin should express his dissent from Mr. Balfour's view, a dissent which was evidently anticipated. But if Mr. Balfour's estimate of the character of the English public-school boy is correct, surely a more formidable indictment against the system under which he is reared was never presented. For generations the complaint of Ascham, of Milton, of Locke, of Gibbon was that the public-schools failed to fit us for the world. Of late years commission after commission, and committee after committee, has reiterated the complaint, and with unanimous consent they have urged that the only way to fit boys for the world is to interest them in it by training them to observe the phenomena of the universe, and to enquire into the natural laws that control them. As regards Mr. Balfour's view that it is impossible for the teaching of science to be combined with an adequate discharge of the duties of a house-master, the logical issue seems to be that if the duties of the teacher and house-master are really incompatible they must be dissociated.

My interest in the future of Harrow has led me to seek information as to what is being done there in the way of practical measures to adapt the education of the boys to the demands of the Empire on its sons. Through the courtesy of the head-master, Dr. Wood, and the sympathy of Mr. Townsend Warner and Mr. Vassall I have been able to satisfy myself that much is being done and wisely done. Mr. Warner has allowed me to make use of a paper he will shortly publish on the working of the Modern Side at Harrow as an educational experiment. The Modern Side was founded by Mr. Edward Bowen in 1869, and Mr. Warner traces it from its origin, through the later changes forced upon it by circumstances, to its present aims and workings. The exigencies of space prevent me from entering into the details of the experiment, even

if such an account were appropriate to my present purpose. The chief difficulty with which the system has had to contend is the prestige of a successful classical career, still so powerful that many preparatory schools never undertake the function of training boys for the Modern Side, while others dislike and discourage it. For the same reason the Modern Side has failed to attract the most clever boys, with the consequence that it was long looked upon as a refuge for the dull and idle. And Mr. Warner thinks that the Modern Side "cannot quite expect to compete successfully for the brilliant boys, any more than the engineer branch of the Navy can prove as attractive as the executive." However, the experiment does show some satisfactory and important results ; and it is satisfactory to learn that in spite of the prestige of the Classical Side the Modern Side has been able to preserve itself from any social disfavour.

But the best argument in justification of the system seems to be the steadily increasing growth of the Modern Side. It commenced in 1869 with three forms, containing in all twenty-seven boys all taught by one master, Mr. Bowen himself. In 1904 it contained two hundred and thirty-two boys or a little over forty per cent. of the whole school, so that at the present rate of growth it will before long equal the strength of the Classical Side. I should add that these numbers are independent of the Army class, and also that the Modern Side is not self-contained in the sense of having a separate staff. It has been thought that any attempt to group Modern Side boys together and apart under separate masters and tutors would be unwise. Thus it is that the science work of the whole school comes under Mr. Vassall, to whom I am indebted for an account of the system. He attributes its efficiency and success to Mr. Ashford, formerly head-master of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, now promoted to a similar post at Dartmouth, who organised the system in 1895, up to which time apparently little had been done. The science work of the lower school is of a kinder-garten method, and is compulsory on all boys whether on the Classical or Modern Side above one of the lower forms ; in the upper school admission to the science classes is by selection. In this way three advantages are gained. All the boys admitted are keen on the work, and the dead-weight of boys with no ability for it having to take up science as a forced subject is avoided ; the competition for admission is found valuable, the value attached to things at a

public-school being measured generally by difficulty of attainment ; lastly the fear of being dropped out of the science divisions is found a sufficient substitute for punishment, a result from which the inference seems to me of particular importance. In the upper school about seventy boys out of two hundred and twenty work at science, and the proportion of time given to it out of a week's work of about thirty-six hours is five hours a week on the Classical Side and seven hours on the Modern Side. This is exclusive of the Army class, in which the study of science is regulated solely by a constantly changing War Office schedule.

A main feature of the system is that every boy taught science alike in the lower and upper schools has to do a fair proportion of practical work ; and it is satisfactory to note that while in 1893 only some forty boys did such work in the laboratory, the number during the last term was two hundred and eighty-three. The impetus to practical work was given by Mr. Ashford, and I understand that his example at Harrow has been followed at Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Repton, and other public-schools, most of them borrowing and adapting his system and courses. But while they are all being supplied with adequate laboratory accommodation, Harrow is still limited to the insufficient accommodation of the two laboratories built nearly forty years ago. It may reasonably be hoped that the Governors of the school, now that the land-purchase scheme has been completed, and notwithstanding it, will, either by funds at their disposal or by an appeal to old Harrovians, provide the £2,000 necessary for a proper laboratory and equipment.

So far I have dealt only with the intellectual side of Harrow life ; and if I have limited myself to the teaching of science it is not because I underrate the place of foreign languages, history, and art in the studies of the Modern Side. I have purposely detached myself for the moment from all other considerations to dwell on the requirements of the self-contained Empire as furnishing an objective of practically unlimited scope for the work of our public-schools. It remains for me to say a word on the athletic sports which exercise so great an influence on the physical development of the boys, and the moral and social character of the school. The undue importance attached to success in cricket or football has led to an altogether exaggerated idea of the value of these games in the development of manly qualities. It is difficult to see what physical

advantages can be derived by those who sit still and watch others exerting themselves. It is beginning now to be realised that, in so far as the physical development of our school-boys is an asset of the Empire, its value can be materially increased by diverting some of their energies from games into the path of ordered exercises which would fit them in a great emergency to do real service to the State. "What harm," *THE TIMES* has recently urged, "what harm would it do the classes from which officers are drawn so to modify their education and their amusements as to make them embryo officers? Drill for everybody, familiarity with a rifle for everybody, and higher education as applied to war for all who possess superior intelligence, would do nothing but good all round." Certainly if a fraction of the interest taken in games could be diverted to rifle-shooting and the duties of the cadet corps the national physique and the country would find appreciable benefit. And so far as Harrow is concerned the movement would merely be a return to the principle of encouraging the national pastime of archery, which in the early history of the school played almost as important a part as cricket does now. Already the rifle-corps numbers about two hundred and fifty members, and at the triennial Harrow dinner held a few days after the visit of the King, Dr. Wood announced that arrangements were being made to train every boy in the school to handle a rifle. The announcement was received with lively satisfaction, as was, of course, the news of the success of the school at Bisley on the following day. I may add that during the South African War Harrow gave proof of a patriotism very superior to the vicarious patriotism of the music-halls by sending four hundred old boys to service in the field.

And so, while realising that, if much is being done, very much still remains to be done, I take courage to hope that the ancient foundation of Harrow may find an appropriate place in the Empire, and continue to give in the future, as it has given in the past, famous men to the service of the State.

CHARLES BRUCE.

